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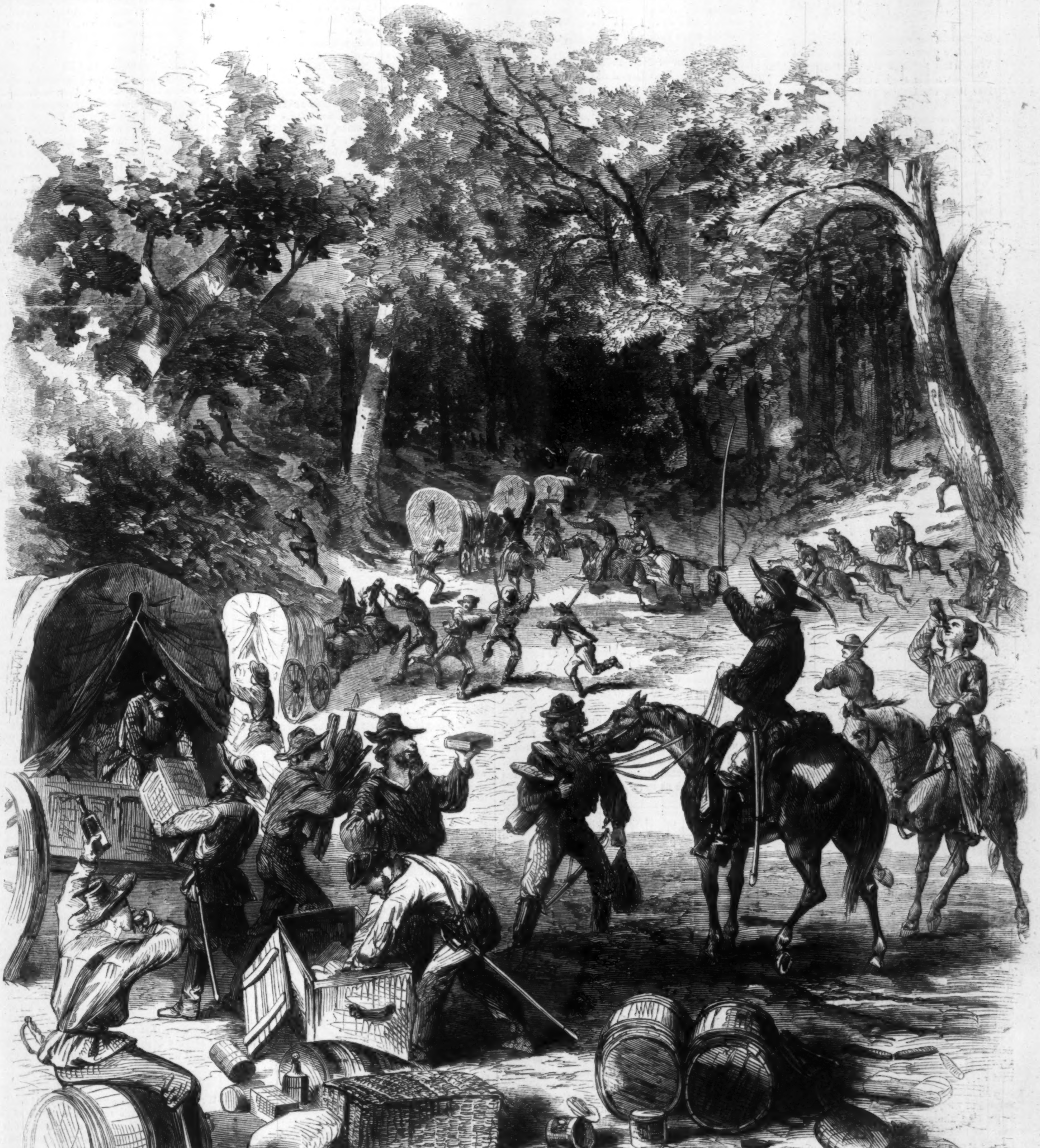


MOSEBY'S GUERRILLAS DESTROYING SUTLERS' TRAIN.—[SEE PAGE 567.]

WHERE ARE THE COPPERHEADS?

Go look upon the battle-field,
  Where shot and shell fly fast—
Where Freedom's stirring battle-cry
  Is heard upon the blast:
Go where the lifted sabres flash
  And fall on traitor crests,
Where Southern bayonets are dim
  With blood from Northern breasts:
Go search amid the loyal ranks—
  Among the glorious dead—
Among them all you will not find
  A single Copperhead.

Go search the gun-boat's bloody deck
  When the dread conflict's done;
The traitor's banner in the dust;
  And silenced every gun;
While o'er the hard-won rampart floats
  Our flag, yet oh! what pain,
'Neath that dear flag since morning light
  How many have been slain!
Among the heroes of the fight,
  The living and the dead—
Go search among them—there is not
  A single Copperhead.

Go search the crowded hospital,
  Where ghastly wounds are seen,
Which tell through what a struggle fierce
  Those noble men have been;
But look upon their faces, lo!
  They smile through all their pain;
The scars they bear were nobly won—
  Their honor has no stain.
Soft hands are minist'ring—kind words
  Are heard around each bed;
Some soothe, some suffer, all are true—
  There is no Copperhead.

Go where the look can scarce conceal
  The treason of the heart,
And where the tongue would willingly
  Defend the traitor's part;
Where Seymour, Wood, and Voorhees are
  Deemed patriotic men:
Go where they wish Vallandigham
  Were safely back again:
Go where desertion is no crime—
  Where loyalty is dead—
Where sad disaster gives no pain;
  There is the Copperhead.

Go where foul scorn is heaped upon
  Our noble boys, who go
To stand a wall of fire between
  Us and our traitor foe:
Go where bold Grant's revilers are—
  Where Burnside is defamed;
Where Banks and Butler—noble names!—
  In scorn alone are named:
Go where true patriotic pride,
  Honor, and Truth are dead—
Where our success brings but despair;
  There is the Copperhead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

THE ANGLO-REBEL IRON-CLADS.

WE were months ago forewarned that several powerful iron-clad steamers were building in Great Britain for the rebels. There was every antecedent reason for believing the statement. There is nothing which English manufacturers will not make and English merchants will not sell for money. The obscene idols of the Hindoos are a regular article of manufacture in Birmingham, and if a new car of Juggernaut were wanted it would be got up in Liverpool—for a consideration—on the shortest notice. The cotton-loan, so confidingly taken by British capitalists, placed a large amount of funds in the hands of the rebel agents, and every body knew precisely for what purposes these were to be used. We are now assured upon competent authority that three of these vessels are nearly ready for sea. One of them was a fortnight ago in the Graving Dock at Liverpool, fully plated, with almost all of her machinery on board; another had just been launched at Birkenhead, and a third at Glasgow. It was a matter of perfect notoriety for what service these were designed, yet no step was taken to interfere with their construction; and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that any practical obstacle will be thrown in the way of their sailing. Iron-plated and furnished with gun-turrets and rams, as they are, the British Government will have no means of knowing that they are intended for vessels of war; they may be designed for commerce. Or, if they are vessels of war, they may have been built for the King of Dahomey, the Viceroy of Egypt, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, or any other peaceful potentate: certainly not, "as far as Government has any official information," for the so-called Confederate States. Or, even if built for the purpose of making war upon the United States, it is very doubtful whether Her Majesty's Government could interfere with the lawful business of her subjects: and surely the building of ships is a very lawful business. We have nothing to look for from the good faith of the British Government.

When the enterprise was undertaken, it was supposed that these vessels could inflict damage upon us compared with which that inflicted by the *Alabama* and the *Florida* are nothing. Our blockading fleets could be destroyed, and our great cities laid in ashes. There was nothing, it was said, which could prevent one of these vessels from steaming in broad daylight into the harbor of New York, and repeating upon a larger scale the exploits of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads. And so far as our fortifications is concerned this is perfectly true. But recent events have shown that we have at our disposal means of rendering our harbors perfectly secure from attack from these vessels. That protection is to be found in our "Monitors." Put to a service for which they were never designed, the severity of the trial to which they have been exposed has demonstrated their perfect availability for harbor defense. The vessels which bore almost unharmed the fire of the hundreds of guns of the Charleston forts can bid defiance to the fire of any vessel that floats. The guns whose first shot disabled the *Atlanta* may be relied upon for doing a like service to any other vessel, under the far more favorable circumstances in which they will be brought into play.

The harbor of New York can not be entered except through a channel of less than one-third of a mile in width. To pass a single Monitor quietly moored in mid-channel a hostile vessel must sail, broadside on, within an eighth of a mile from the muzzles of those terrible guns looking grimly out from that almost intangible and wholly invulnerable tower. The Monitor itself would need no manœuvring. She might lie at rest, the revolution of the tower always keeping her guns trained upon the enemy. Or if by miracle the enemy should pass her, she would hoist anchor and steam alongside of her antagonist, delivering her fire against her broadsides. Long before the enemy could pass the miles between the Narrows and the city she would lie a mass of harmless iron on the bottom of the harbor.

In building so many Monitors, and arming them with such heavy ordnance, our Government was working wiser than it knew. It will be only when they shall have prevented or repelled an attack upon our commercial metropolis that we shall appreciate the true significance of Timby's revolving turrets, Ericsson's raft-like hulls, and Dahlgren's heavy guns, combined into one harmonious whole. The wise Greek saw that the true protection of Athens lay in her "wooden walls." The true defense of our city lies in our iron walls. The month of September is the time fixed upon for the departure of the rebel iron-clads from the British ports. We trust that long before they can threaten us a sufficient number of the Monitors will be released from their present work in the South to enable our Government to station several of them in each of our great harbors.

The true peril to us from the rebel iron-clads lies not in the danger of an attack upon our cities, but in their power of destroying our blockading fleet. To obviate this the two or three ports yet in the hands of the rebels must be captured. This done the blockaders may be withdrawn until we can have disposed of the vessels with which our British friends have so inopportunely furnished our enemies. From present appearances we may infer that they will not "see their way" to add to these favors. Meanwhile we owe them something, which we shall most likely be able to pay in due time. The "common barrator" of nations will be untrue to all her historical antecedents if she remains long without a European war on her hands. And then we shall remember some things which she would like us to forget.

THE LOUNGER.

A RETROSPECT.

THE correspondence between many persons in the Free States and Jefferson Davis, before the rebellion, is a most valuable addition to the interior history of the war. It is another link in the chain of evidence that the rebel leaders believed the sentiment of patriotism and loyalty to law to be so utterly destroyed that they could easily take possession of the Government upon their own terms. The plan was for the Slave States to withdraw—to leave chaos behind, and compel the North, torn by domestic strife, to crave admission into the new confederacy. Then, as Mr. Hunter remarked, New England could be left out altogether, or admitted as a single State.

It was in this view that certain papers recommended the Montgomery Constitution as superior to that of 1787. It was with this intention that private meetings were held in the city of New York, among those who are now notorious Copperheads, to secure the co-operation of the "conservatism" of the North with the "secessionism" of the South, knowing, as they knew very well, that "abolitionism" could not be counted upon for deliberate treason. It was this conviction which explains the equanimity of the gentlemen of property who hastened to take possession of Mr. Russell upon his arrival in this country, and told him that the revolution was virtually accomplished. It was this that explains such letters as that written by Mr. Barlow, of New York, to a slave Senator, during the secession movement, warning him against any overt attack upon the Government. The feeling which inspired such letters governed Jeff Davis in refusing to seize Washington when it was at the mercy of five hundred men. The confident expectation of all these persons and correspondents of Davis, who are now either rebels or Copperheads, was that the Government of the United States would tumble down as that of Louis Philippe did in France, and that an immediate reconstruction would follow, upon conditions to be dictated by the Seceders and ratified by the "Conservatives," in which class were included all Democrats of every hue, the conservative Republicans, and the mass of timid citizens, who were held to be the vast majority in a community of traders.

The tacit collusion with Davis and his confederates of those gentlemen in the city of New York who are now notorious Copperheads has been long in evidence. That of similar persons in other parts of the country is now proved by the correspondence which Davis is either so weak or so wily a conspirator as not to have destroyed. And it is not surprising that he believed his task would be both rapidly and easily accomplished. He and his confederates had labored long and hard to corrupt the conscience and common sense of the country, and they had every reason to suppose that they had the proof of general assent to national dishonor and ruin. That history and human nature should not have warned them to beware is again not surprising, for among the leading rebels and Copperheads there is not a single man of great intellectual grasp or moral perception. Mr. Douglas, who was unquestionably the ablest man of their political fraternity, saw from the beginning the hopelessness of their plot, or he would have been at the head of it. The desertion of a leader like Douglas for leaders like Davis, Wood, Toombs, Vallandigham, and Slidell, was a fatal error for any party which aimed at peaceful subversion of the Government. But it is not surprising that these men did not see it. They believed only in political chicane. They scorned principle. They repudiated all ideas except that men would under all circumstances be governed by a selfish desire of quiet; and they were very sure that the mass of people at the North hated something which rebels called then, and Copperheads call now, Abolitionism, more than they loved their country or its government. Like all boastfully "practical men" they omitted common sense in their calculations. They saw trade, corruption, servility, and craven fear, but they did not see human nature. With the correspondent in Michigan they thought the "surmon" of the Reverend Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, a marvelous production, but the writing on the human heart and conscience was nonsensical scribbling.

Let Davis and his friends learn the lesson which this correspondence teaches. They have found that the Copperheads did not *then* represent the spirit and intention of the people. They do not represent them now. They are the desperate, wrecked, struggling men who would willingly capsize the boat. But let Davis remember that they are overboard.

THE FABLE OF THE BATS.

WE had not heard of our "Conservative" friends since they elected Mr. Seymour last autumn until the riots in New York, during which a merchant wrote to a friend in another city: "The Conservatives have had the upper hand here for a day or two, but we hope to have them under by to-morrow night." It was a strictly correct statement, because, of course, every man among the rioters who voted last autumn voted for the "Conservative" ticket; and if the mob had been polled at the moment of destroying the Orphan Asylum it would have declared itself unanimously for the "Conservative" platform.

Suppressed in New York "Conservatism" has raised its head in Rochester, and proposes to arrange for the next Presidential election. Its resolutions set forth by declaring its total want of sympathy with "secession, abolitionism, or nativism of any kind." General Leslie Coombs, whose name is not conspicuous for unconditional patriotism, is reported to have manipulated and "modified" the resolutions. Probably General Leslie Coombs and his "Conservative" friends, who were ardent supporters of the eminent patriot, and enforcer-of-the-laws, John Bell, at the last election, propose to furnish another candidate of the same kind of "fidelity to the Government" as Mr. Bell. Our "Conservative" friends, who eschew "secession and abolitionism," have possibly forgotten a little fable of which we beg respectfully to remind them.

A company of bats once found themselves in broad daylight in disagreeable proximity to two whirring millstones grinding corn. "What a confounded clatter!" cried they. "Why don't the stones stop and let us have some peace? We want to be quiet." But the stones whirred as noisily as ever. The poor bats, bumping and fluttering wildly between them, at last cried in chorus, "We wish it to be understood that we are not responsible for this din. We declare to all the world that we have, have had, and will have nothing whatever to do with either of these stones, and we protest against such great, loud, gritty things." But while they were still crying and fluttering they fell against the inexorable stones and were ground to powder in an instant. "Poor little bats," said the eagle who had overheard them, "they did not know that it is only by the whirring of millstones that corn is ground into food."

THE CONSCRIPTION.

THERE is a way of speaking of the Conscription Act as if it were something monstrous and tyrannical. This strain was a favorite one in Mr. Fernando Wood's rhetoric before he came to the wise conclusion that if there were to be a war it must be conducted upon warlike principles. But a very few words will show exactly the character and intent of the act.

The nation is engaged in a tremendous struggle to save its life. The struggle can be maintained in one way only, namely by armies. In the salvation of the country and Government every citizen is equally interested, and the duty of each is the same. Upon all sides the Government hears and has heard, with few exceptions, the expression of the most unswerving devotion and the strongest resolution to subdue the rebellion by arms. It therefore says to the loyal people of the country: "We hear you, and we believe you. We take you at your word, and we will arrange a plan by which every man can give his personal aid in securing victory. All fighting men shall be enrolled and held subject to active duty, with such exceptions as careful and humane consideration may prescribe."

That is the spirit of the Conscription Act. It assumes that the people are willing to save themselves at any cost and risk. If Congress had not believed that, and therefore assumed it, it should have frankly confessed that we were conquered, and have proposed submission to the victors. But not believing that we were conquered it would not say so. If Congress were mistaken, the mistake will appear in resistance to the conscription. If we are conquered, our defeat will be shown by refusal to obey the call of necessity and duty. But if we are resolved that civil order, a just government, and a great nation shall be preserved, every man will gladly go and do wherever and whatever the lawful authorities may require.

GENERAL DIX.

THE address of General Dix upon occasion of the draft in the city of New York is worthy of the man who, as Secretary of the Treasury, ordered the man who pulled down the United States flag to be shot upon the spot. Its calm and judicious exposition both of the particular facts and of the general principle of the draft make it a document to be preserved and pondered. The law, he says, under which the draft is made is founded on the principle that every citizen who enjoys the protection of the Government may be summoned in seasons of great public danger to take up arms for the common defense. No political society can exist unless this principle is acknowledged, and there is no civilized country in which it is not recognized. The permission to furnish a substitute or to purchase exemption is designed to provide for cases of hardship, and if either provision were stricken out those cases would be multiplied.

In regard to riots General Dix says most truly, that the only security of those who have little more than life and the labor of their own hands to protect lies in the supremacy of the law. And this truth applies especially to us, for our Government is the will of the people. In countries where the law is the will of one man, or of one class, it is conceivable that it may come to bear so unjustly upon other classes as to leave them sometimes no hope of redress but in forcible resistance. But that can not be the case with us.

General Dix's record in this war has been most honorable. His course has been quiet, consistent, and firm. His experience in Baltimore has taught him the subterfuges of the Northern allies of the rebellion, and revealed to him the radical nature of the contest. His appointment to the Department of the East was conclusive evidence of the discretion and determination of the Government.

STATE RIGHTS.

THERE is a plausible objection made to emancipation as a necessary result of the war, upon the ground that slavery is a State institution, and to destroy it by the national will is to invade the rights of States, which nobody wishes to see overthrown.

But, without urging the right of any imperiled people to suspend any law and every right for the sake of the common safety, it is plain that such emancipation does not limit any State right, except in declaring that no State can be allowed to maintain any system which constantly menaces the national peace. There can be no right to hold slaves, whatever the State law may be, any more than there can be any right to put insane persons to death, although the State law might allow it. The *power* of a majority to declare that any thing may be done, and to do it, may be undeniable; but no power can beget the right to do wrong. The corroding vice of Douglas's famous squatter-sovereignty dogma was that it empowered brute force and the vote of a majority to dispose of natural rights, which are inalienable.

Slavery is a wrong recognized and sustained by State law. Its necessary development presently brings the whole nation into mortal danger. Now, omitting altogether the constitutional right to destroy it as a measure of public safety, a nation which had succeeded in suppressing the rebellion and averting the danger might obviously do whatever was necessary to avoid a recurrence of precisely the same peril. Nor could any State complain of its injured rights. No State can have a right to threaten the nation. A man upon a steamer may have matches in his state-room and keep a light burning, and his room is his castle; but he has no right to stow a keg of gunpowder under his berth. Now that we have practically discovered that slavery is gunpowder, we shall be guilty of suicide if we permit ourselves to be blown up.

TO THE BITTER END.

WHEN the war began we certainly did our share of boasting. But the rebels are better Gascons than we. We reduced our adjectives when we found that the task was stubborn. But the rebel rhetoric rises with disaster. Just now, when the prospect of the rebellion is not promising, the celebrated last ditch is incessantly brought forward. "Let Sumter fall," cry the rebel papers—"Charleston shall be defended street by street, and house by house, and at last it shall be blown up, and the invader welcomed to smoking ruins." If it should be it would be one of those catastrophes to which

there is very general resignation. The loyal people of this country do not, as the poet Simms lately sings, "hate" the city of Charleston; but as they do not hate the ancient Sodomites, yet regard the fate of the city of Sodom with equanimity, so the destruction of the city of Charleston would be so symbolical that they would contemplate its smoking ruins as a just judgment.

But it is a symbol which we should not make for our own satisfaction, despite the lyric assertions of the poet Simms, and our Gascon friends the enemy have given us no reason to suppose that they will keep their valorous word. Why did they not blow up New Orleans, or Nashville, or Newbern, or any of the cities which old Abe's minions have ruthlessly invaded and occupied? Simply because they knew it would be an extremely foolish and even perilous thing to do. It is possible that they may make an exception of Charleston, the fostering head of secession. But it is not probable. He is doubtless a wise prophet who writes—"The rebels will not surrender either Charleston or Savannah to the Union forces, but will commit them to the flames and destruction, precisely as they have done in the cases of Vicksburg and Port Hudson."

A SIDE-LIGHT.

WE can not too constantly bear in mind the real sympathies of public men at this time, and a little repetition is of the utmost service. Thus it is instructive to know the precise position occupied by the worthy Mr. Seymour, and a side-light of great brilliancy is occasionally thrown upon it, as recently by Mr. S. S. Cox of Ohio, familiarly known as Sunset Cox. Mr. Cox is the special friend of Mr. Vallandigham, whose position has the merit of being perfectly well defined; and in urging the election of his friend as Governor of Ohio he said that if, after his election, Governor Vallandigham did not appear, Lieutenant-Governor Pugh would march at the head of the militia, a hundred and fifty thousand strong, to the Canada frontier, and bring home the patriot to his chair, "and none will dare to hinder him." "Then," continued the fervid orator, "with M'Clellan or Seymour in 1864, we will put the Government again upon an honorable footing." He meant, of course, *under* an honorable footing, namely, the feet of Davis and Company.

It appears, then, that the next friend of Mr. Vallandigham for Governor is also the advocate of Mr. Seymour for President—a fact which is more instructive than interesting.

FAIR WAGES FOR FAIR WORK.

IT is stated that the troops of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment decline to receive wages of ten dollars a month when other soldiers are paid thirteen. It seems that there is some interpretation of some law by which these men are held not to be soldiers but "contrabands," or some kind of something which is not to be paid full wages for its services.

That this absurdity will continue is, of course, impossible. That the Government means honorably to the soldiers of every kind and color, we know; and that some snarl of red tape must be untied before we can act simply and honestly in this matter is very possible. But the matter is very plain. If we gravely propose to pay such soldiers as assaulted Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, and charged upon the rebels at Milliken's Bend, less than other soldiers, we propose to insult them and to dishonor ourselves. It is idle to suppose that such men are to be humbugged. They know quite as well as we whether their fighting is worth as much as that of other soldiers or not. If it is, and they are not paid as much, they will naturally object.

The thing to be done is to remove immediately every impediment to their fair payment. The greater thing to be done is to show the men who so bravely dare and die for us, that we are worth fighting for, that we do cordially acknowledge their services, and that whatever the difference of our complexion and capacity may be, our manhood is equal to theirs. The slowness, the reluctance, the bitterness with which we have accepted the assistance of such soldiers will be recorded with wonder and sorrow hereafter. "The question," said General Mitchell, just before he went to Charleston, "is not so much whether we should call upon these people, as whether they will believe we mean honestly by them when we do call." The least we can do is to pay fairly for fair work.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE.

THE authorship of the new "Gospel of Peace," one of the cleverest political squibs of the war, is a well-kept secret. It is a broad, popular, humorous burlesque upon the Copperhead faith and practice, as exemplified in the career of Phernandiwud and the followers of that Brummagem Prince of Peace. It is done so well that nobody can escape the point; and is one of the very few satires which address themselves to the universal public. A Pahdee can enjoy it as fully as a cultivated scholar, and it is consequently of the greatest service to the good cause. The authorship is attributed to many well-known literary gentlemen, as "the Lorgnette" was at the time of its appearance; and the writer must take care that his laurels are not disputed to the end. The amusing controversy as to the authorship of "Nothing to Wear" is yet freshly remembered, and long after Mr. Putnam, the publisher, had negotiated with the gentleman whom he supposed to have written "The Potiphar Papers," he received a very urgent and persistent claim from the literary executor of a gentleman in Buffalo, who declared that he had found the manuscript among the papers of his deceased friend, and insisted that the reputed author must be an impostor.

Public rumor points most persistently to a well-known and accomplished scholar, whose reputation has been made in quite other directions, as the author of the new "Gospel of Peace." He may be congratulated upon a signal success, and the public upon a capital and timely satire.

WIGFALL.

A CORRESPONDENT, "Nux," asks, "What has become of Wigfall?" His last public performance to our knowledge was waving his white handkerchief to Major Anderson on the day of the rebel bombardment of Sumter, entering the fort, drinking a glass of liquid which, when he had entirely engulfed, the surgeon of the fort politely, but in pure jest, informed him was rank poison, then entreating piteously to have the stomach pump applied, to which the surgeon generously assented. History takes leave of Wigfall at an unprecedented moment in his career—when something was coming out of his mouth instead of going into it. The appearance, performance, and disappearance of Wigfall upon the scene of public affairs in this country are all equally absurd. In the Senate of the United States he was a fierce mountebank. In the rebel councils and army he has made no mark whatever. Like many of the other leaders of this ill-starred and bloody plot, such as Yancey, Pryor, Floyd, Wise, Spratt, Rhett, Keitt, and Orr, he has been practically obliterated by its development. The admirers of the statesman Wigfall, however, may console themselves by reflecting that he has made himself even more contemptible than infamous.

COPPERHEAD LOGIC.

"IN this great crisis of the country's history," says a newspaper which is anxious that the policy of the war shall be abandoned, and the rebels be permitted to return unconditionally to their plotting in the Union, "he is the best patriot, and best serves the republic, who is most free from the taint of selfishness." Therefore, it argues, let us make Fernando Wood Speaker.

The grounds are three-fold: first, his patriotism; second, his service to the country; and, third, his freedom from the taint of selfishness. Not to put too fine a point upon it, if these are the reasons for electing him, how soon is he likely to be elected? The truth is, if Jefferson Davis has taught us in these bloody years nothing more than to confide in Fernando Wood, we deserve to have him for Speaker.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON, on a recent visit to Mobile, declared it to be "the most defensible sea-port position in the Confederate States," and that "Mobile is to be defended to the last."

From the Southwest we hear that the mountains of Northern Alabama are filled with deserters from the armies of BRAGG and JOHNSTON. West Tennessee is entirely cleared of guerrillas.

Colonel CATHERWOOD, commanding a Missouri regiment of artillery, telegraphs to head-quarters at St. Louis, from Pineville, M'Donald County, that he was attacked by the rebel Colonel COFFEE August 16, and that the rebels were severely handled. COFFEE's force was completely routed, with the loss of thirty or forty killed and a number wounded.

A considerable number of rebel conscripts have recently reported at Corinth for duty in the National army. This is a cheap way for Uncle Sam to recruit his forces.

A messenger from General GRANT has reached Washington, with dispatches regarding trade regulations in the Mississippi. The General is said to favor the opening of the cotton trade to all loyal citizens, under proper restrictions, and to recommend the authorities to adopt this policy, which would, no doubt, bring out thousands of bales now hidden away.

A small squad of rebels made a dash into Poolesville, in Maryland, August 14, and captured the telegraph operator and his instruments, and did some damage to the wires. They proceeded to rob some of the stores, when the operator made his escape. The robbers, it is believed, did not come from Virginia, but belong in Maryland, and do not live far from Poolesville. They move about as citizens in the day time, and practice midnight robberies under the plea that they belong to the rebel army. On the 16th a number of MOSEBY's guerrillas attempted to attack one of the Government farms at Fall's Church, for the purpose of stealing some horses, but being fired upon by the guard, they ingloriously skedaddled. The rebels were commanded by MOSEBY in person.

A dispatch to the Chicago *Times*, dated Winchester, Tennessee, August 15, says that the rebels on their late hurried retreat over the Tennessee River fired the magnificent bridge at Bridgeport, but succeeded in destroying only two spans on this side of the river. Discovering that preparations were making to repair the damage, a strong force advanced, on the night of August 14, and destroyed the remainder.

General HOOKER is expected soon to resume active service, either in a separate command or as commander of a corps in the Army of the Potomac. He has of late been busily engaged in the preparation of his report of his operations as the commander of the Army of the Potomac.

A Court of Inquiry is to meet at Montgomery to investigate the rebel campaign in Mississippi and Louisiana in May, June, and July, and especially to inquire into the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

Advices were received at head-quarters in St. Louis on the 20th to the effect that the National forces, under General DAVIDSON had crossed the White River at Clarendon, Arkansas, and were moving toward Little Rock—having already arrived in sight of "Daddy" PRICE's rebel pickets.

A successful raid into North Carolina was made by the First New York Mounted Rifles and two companies of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, under command of General ONDERDONK. A party of guerrillas were encountered between Pasquatank and Hartford, of whom a considerable number were killed. The expedition returned to Portsmouth, Virginia, on the 20th.

Friday, the 14th, was the day set for hanging the two Union prisoners in Richmond, Captains SAWYER and FLYNN, in retaliation for the act of General BURNSIDE in hanging two rebel officers caught in disguise within his lines, and, therefore, liable to punishment as spies under military law. It is safe to say that they were not hung.

A communication from BEAUREGARD's Chief-of-Staff, published in the Charleston *Mercury*, announces that the negroes in arms captured on Morris Island are held subject to the order of the Governor of South Carolina, in accordance with the act of the rebel Congress directing the delivery of such captured negroes to the Governors of the States in which the captures might be made.

General HURLBUT, a few weeks ago, sent an expedition into Central Mississippi, which returned to Lagrange, Tennessee, on the 20th ult., after accomplishing many important results. Hearing that there was a large amount of railroad stores at Grenada, he sent a portion of his command to destroy it, under Lieutenant-Colonel PHILLIPS, of the Ninth Illinois Mounted Infantry. This force reached Grenada on the 17th, drove out 2000 rebels, under General SLIMMER, and destroyed fifty-seven locomotives, upward of four hundred cars, the depôt building, machine and blacksmiths' shops, and a large quantity of ordinance and commissary stores, besides capturing about fifty railroad men and a number of other prisoners. After this work was accomplished, Colonel PHILLIPS was joined by Colonel WINSLOW, with a detachment from General GRANT's forces, which had been sent out to divert the enemy's attention, and the whole force returned in safety. This loss of rolling stock will most seriously cripple the rebels in their railroading operations.

Four hundred more rebels, captured at Falling Waters and incarcerated in a prison in Baltimore, left that city the other day for Point Lookout. This makes nine hundred prisoners, now at Point Lookout, captured at the battle of Falling Waters, which LEE says was never fought!

Three privates from Rhode Island, who had just arrived at the army of the Potomac, were shot while in the act of deserting by their escort. Eleven recruits leaped from the cars on the road to Warrenton, and succeeded for a time in making their escape. A party was dispatched in pursuit. Comparatively few of these kind of soldiers manage to get away beyond our military lines, as scouts are out in all directions to intercept them. The order of Major-General MEADE, approving the sentences of death in such cases, will, it is believed, effectually check further desertions.

At Chattanooga contrabands report that General JOE JOHNSTON arrived with two trains of troops on the 20th, superseding General BRAGG, who has retired to Atlanta. This statement is corroborated by citizens.

The pirate *Florida* has turned up on the track of the Liverpool and New York packets. The ship *Francis B. Cutting*, which arrived at this port on the 24th, reports having been overhauled by her on the 6th inst., in lat. 42° 10', long. 44° 20'. After considerable negotiation, the *Cutting* having on board 230 passengers, the pirate agreed to bond her in the sum of $40,000.

By an act of December 21, 1861, a medal of honor is to be bestowed upon "such petty officers, seamen, and marines as shall most distinguish themselves by gallantry in action and other seamanlike qualities during the war." The Secretary of the Navy recommends that this medal shall be awarded to the following persons, upon grounds which are given at length in his General Order, No. 17: GEORGE BELL, Captain of After Guard, U. S. frigate *Santee;* WILLIAM THOMPSON, Signal Quarter-master, U. S. steamer *Mohican;* JOHN WILLIAMS, Boatswain's Mate, U. S. steamer *Mohican;* MATTHEW ARTHUR, Signal Quarter-master, U. S. steamer *Carondelet;* JOHN MACKIE, Corporal of Marines, U. S. steamer *Galena;* MATTHEW M'CLELLAND, JOSEPH E. VANTINE, JOHN RUSH, JOHN HICKMAN, Firemen, U. S. steamer *Richmond;* ROBERT ANDERSON, Quarter-master, U. S. steamers *Crusader* and *Keokuk;* PETER HOWARD, Boatswain's Mate, ANDREW BRINN, Seaman, P. R. VAUGHAN, Sergeant of Marines, U. S. steamer *Mississippi;* SAMUEL WOODS and HENRY THIELBERG, Seamen, ROBERT B. WOODS and ROBERT JOURDAN, Cockswains, U. S. steamer *Minnesota*, temporarily on board U. S. steamer *Mount Washington;* THOMAS W. HAMILTON and FRANK BOIS, Quarter-masters, THOMAS JENKINS and MARTIN M'HUGH, Seamen, THOMAS E. CORCORAN, Landsman, HENRY DOW, Boatswain's Mate, U. S. steamer *Cincinnati;* JOHN WOON, Boatswain's Mate, U. S. steamer *Pittsburg;* CHRISTOPHER BRENNAN, U. S. steamers *Mississippi* and *Colorado;* EDWARD RINGOLD, Cockswain, U. S. steamer *Wabash*.

A Mass Convention of the "War Democrats" of Indiana was held at Indianapolis August 20. The proceedings were marked by the utmost unanimity, and every speech breathed a determination to uphold the Government, irrespective of party, at all hazards and through every trial. It was hoped that the veteran LEWIS CASS would be present, but the committee appointed to wait upon him reported that he was utterly unable to leave his house. Much as he wanted to raise his voice in behalf of the good cause, he did not believe that he could survive the journey from Detroit to Indianapolis. A dispatch was received from Hon. DANIEL S. DICKINSON in these words: "Strive to rescue the country from rebellion, and the Democratic name from disgrace."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTON.

FROM Charleston our direct intelligence comes down to August 21. The formal attack on Fort Sumter was opened on the morning of the 17th by General Gilmore, the navy, co-operating mainly by a bombardment of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, bestowing little attention upon Sumter. The details of the naval action of the first day will be found in Admiral Dahlgren's dispatch on page 567. On the evening of the 21st the entire top of the fort was gone, every parapet gun dismounted, and the south side demolished almost to its base, presenting nothing but a heap of ruins. By way of the Richmond papers we have telegraphic advices four days later.

The dispatch of the 22d says: "The fire of the enemy's land batteries has been kept upon Sumter, and more guns are disabled. There was only one casualty to-day. There was also a heavy fire kept up on Battery Wagner, both from the fleet and the land, and also upon Battery Gregg. The casualties at Fort Wagner were one officer and four privates. General Gilmore's demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter and Morris Island, with a threat to shell Charleston in four hours from the delivery of the paper at Fort Wagner, was received and returned at seven o'clock this morning. General Beauregard, in his reply, charges inhumanity and violation of the laws of war against General Gilmore, and affirms that if the offense be repeated he will employ stringent measures of retaliation. Up to this time the threat to shell the city has not been executed."

The dispatch of the 23d says: "On Saturday six hundred and four shots were fired at Sumter, of which four hundred and nineteen struck inside and outside. The east wall is much scaled and battered in, and the parapet undermined. The northwest wall, with the arches, etc., has fallen in. The guns are all dismounted. One private killed. On Saturday the land batteries opened from south to north, and the Monitors from east to west, coming close up. The fire was very damaging. The east wall was cracked and breached, and the shot swept through the fort. The fort is now a ruin. Colonel Rhett is ordered to hold his outpost, even as a forlorn hope, until he is relieved or the place taken. General Gilmore sent a communication at eleven o'clock on Sunday, giving notice that at eleven o'clock to-morrow [Monday, 24th inst.] he would open fire on Charleston, and in the mean time non-combatants could go out of the city."

The dispatch of the 25th says, briefly: "Last night, at 12 o'clock, the enemy opened fire on the city, firing fifteen 8-inch Parrott shells. Non-combatants are leaving the city in a continuous stream."

ROSECRANS'S ARMY

Has advanced from Tullahoma upon the rebel strong-hold of Chattanooga. The region which he has traversed is shown in the map on page 567. He appeared before Chattanooga on the 21st, and opened fire on the rebel works at 10 o'clock A.M. with good effect. The rebels replied, but generally with small guns, which did very little damage. The works were found to be very strong. Two steamers were moored at the wharf, one of which was sunk and the other disabled by our fire. There was also a pontoon-bridge across the river, protected by rebel sharpshooters. It was ascertained that there were two divisions of rebel troops at Chattanooga, while Hill's corps (late Hardee's) were disposed along the railroad in the direction of Bridgeport—General Joe Johnston being in command of the whole, he having superseded Bragg. On the night of the 22d General Wilder crossed the Tennessee River, and burned a small railroad bridge near Shellmound, thus severing communication between the right and left wings of the rebel army, and recrossed the river in safety. Deserters and citizens confirm the repeated reports of great demoralization among the rebel troops, not only at Chattanooga, but every where in the Southwest. The Richmond papers say that on the 22d Rosecrans commenced shelling the town of Chattanooga.

BURNSIDE'S ARMY

Had advanced toward Knoxville on the 17th. It was expected that this point would be reached in about two weeks.

THE ARMIES OF THE POTOMAC.

The position and movements of General Meade's army are kept a profound secret; the location of the head-quarters even not being suffered to be made public. Conflicting accounts are given of the strength, position, and designs of Lee's army. According to some reports he has 100,000 men, and is preparing for another expedition against Washington; according to others he is in full retreat upon Richmond. The most probable accounts give him a force of 70,000 men, located on the general line of the Rappahannock.

GUERRILLAS.

Generals Grant and Rosecrans have issued orders in relation to guerrillas to the same general purport. They announce that as all regularly organized bodies of the enemy have been driven from their respective departments, the most rigorous penalties will be inflicted upon all irregular bodies of cavalry not mustered and paid by the Confederate authorities—upon all conscript officers and all those who aid them—and upon all persons detected in firing upon unarmed transports. It is not contemplated that this order shall affect the treatment due to prisoners of war captured within the districts named, when they are members of legally organized companies, and when their acts are in accordance with the usages of civilized warfare.

THE SACK OF LAWRENCE.

This bloody transaction is described on page 564. Later accounts represent that Quantrell's whole force amounted to only 300 men gathered from the border counties of Missouri. Having accomplished their work of destruction they separated into small squads and endeavored to regain their homes. They were pursued by the people of Kansas, gathered into small bands, and some forty or fifty have been killed, and a considerable amount of plunder recaptured; but the greater number, being mounted on fresh horses which they had stolen, probably made good their escape.

THE SIOUX WAR.

General Sibley, in command of the expedition against the Sioux, advanced in pursuit of the Indians into the Territory of Dacotah, and toward the close of July had several sharp encounters with the enemy. On the 28th his advancing column was suddenly beset by 2000 savage warriors, who came on apparently determined to carry every thing before them; but they were soon checked and put to flight, crossing the Missouri River in haste, leaving behind them all their stores and provisions, and the rude machinery used in the preparation of their pemmican. Their loss in killed and wounded was about 125 warriors, besides many women and children drowned in crossing the river. Our loss was only six killed and two wounded. Among these was Lieutenant Beever, an Englishman of fortune, who was acting as aid-de-camp to General Sibley. He had served on Lord Raglan's staff during the Crimean war. Little Crow, the leader in the terrible massacre of last year, was killed some time since while trying to steal horses. After driving the Indians beyond the Missouri, General Sibley's expedition, finding their horses and mules fast giving out, and their provisions almost exhausted, commenced their return. The object of the expedition was only partially accomplished.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "There is no reason why these same Indians should not recross the Missouri, and fall again upon our frontier settlements. The loss of a few hundred men will not intimidate them, and the fact of our giving up the pursuit, no matter from what cause, will only embolden them. Their necessities are now greater than ever before. We have captured and burned up all provisions and their machinery for putting up dried meat or pemmican. There are no buffalo in their region now, and they will not starve if they can help it. They can reach the settlements before our column, as they are not cumbered with transportation. Undoubtedly another campaign will be made against them, but it is too late this season. Our crusade against the red devils has already cost nearly fifteen millions of dollars."

NAVAL DISASTERS.

On the 22d a boat was picked up at sea, in latitude 37°, longitude 74°, containing a colored seaman named Smith, who stated that on the previous day the United States frigate *Bainbridge* had foundered during a violent gale, and that all hands had perished on board except himself and the cook, who had got off in the boat, and that the latter becoming crazy, had jumped overboard. The *Bainbridge*, Acting-Master Dwyer commander, sailed from New York on the 18th of August for Port Royal, with a crew numbering about 100.—The steamer *Madison* was loading with ammunition at Vicksburg, a negro who was carrying a percussion shell let it fall, when it exploded, setting fire to the ammunition, and blowing the steamer to pieces. Of 160 men on board only four are known to have escaped.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.

The draft, which was temporarily suspended in consequence of the riots of July, was resumed, in spite of the opposition of Governor Seymour, on the 19th of August, and completed during the ensuing week. Ample preparations had been made to put down any attempt at riot. The militia regiments were under arms, and regiments of Vermont and Massachusetts volunteers fresh from the battle-fields of Virginia were at hand, occupying the public squares. The whole passed off perfectly quietly, and except for the unusual presence of soldiers in the streets, and the camp-like aspect of the squares, no one would have supposed that any thing unusual was going on. The Common Council of the city passed an ordinance appropriating $3,000,000 for the purpose of paying the $300 required for exempting a conscript from service. The ordinance makes it the "duty of the Comptroller to pay, upon the order of said Committee, to every citizen and to every person who shall have declared his intention to become a citizen in the manner provided by law, who shall be ordered into the military service of the United States in pursuance of the provisions of the act of Congress known as the Conscription Act, and whose liability to serve shall have become fixed by the action of the Board of Enrollment of the District in which he is drafted, in case the said Committee shall certify that the person so drafted is in indigent circumstances, or is a member of the Fire Department, the sum of three hundred dollars for the relief of the families of the said persons so drafted. This ordinance was vetoed by the Mayor; but the Board of Councilmen, by a vote of 23 to 1, pledged themselves to pass the ordinance over the Mayor's veto, at the expiration of the legal period of ten days.—Nearly 2000 claims, amounting in all to more than a million and a half of dollars, have been presented for damages during the late riots.

FOREIGN NEWS.

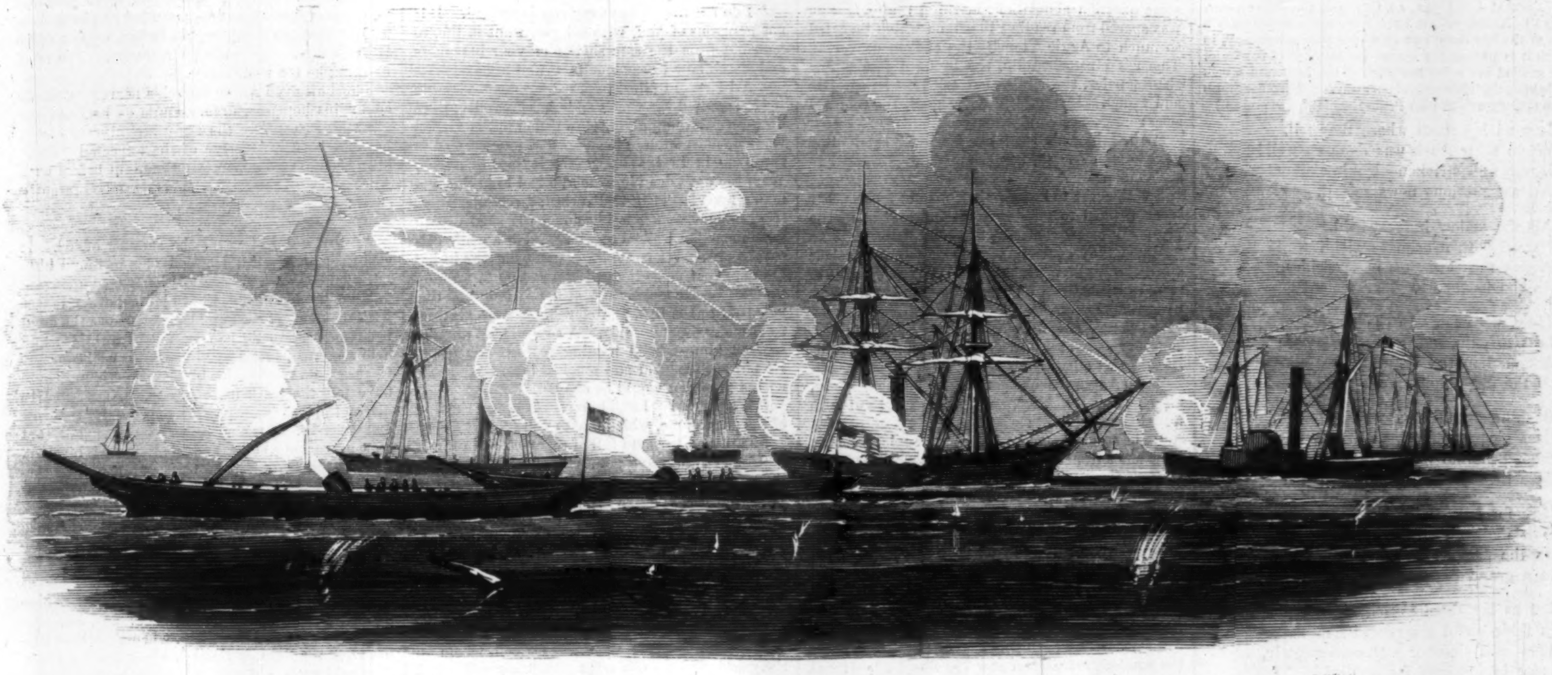
APART from the Polish question—which is still the subject of interminable diplomatic correspondence, with no apparent approximation to any definite result, and the rumors that the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, would accept the Imperial crown of Mexico, provided the new Empire shall be taken under the protection of the Great Powers of Europe—our foreign advices for the week present little of special interest. The most important item relates to the fitting out in England of

NEW ANGLO-REBEL IRON-CLADS.

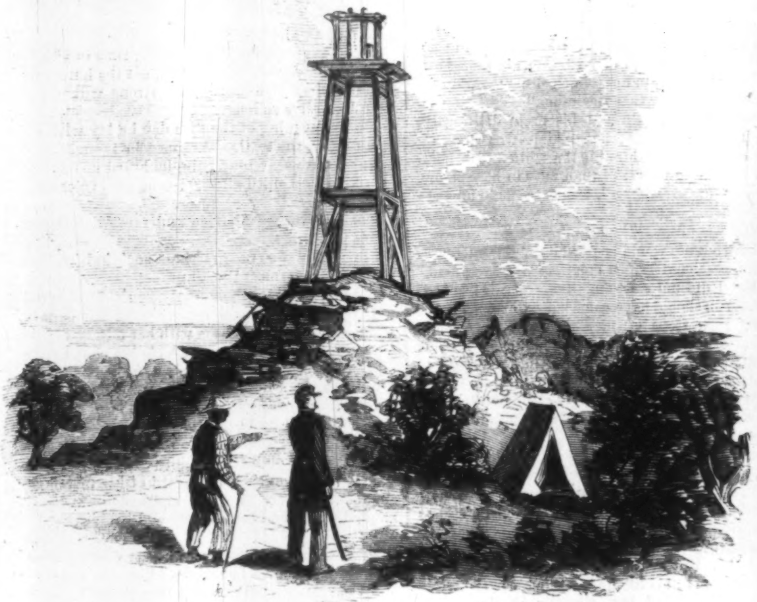
Of these the correspondent of the *Herald* says, under date of August 10: "The first of these is now in the graving-dock at Liverpool, completely plated, with her masts and boilers in and on board, and also a large part of her machinery. It is expected to have her ready for sea by the 18th of August. Her consort was launched on the 2d of August, as well as one at Glasgow, and both will be ready to sail late in August or the 1st of September. The speed of these vessels will be greater than any of your iron-clads. It is generally supposed that the blockading squadrons will be their first prey. This is not impossible, but my own impression is that a dash at New York will be made; and I have no hesitation in saying, that with these three iron-clads, in broad daylight, they could enter New York Harbor by way of Sandy Hook, and burn and destroy all your ships of war on the stocks and afloat, and dock-yards, and then pass out by way of the Sound, without receiving any material damage."—We have made this statement and opinion a subject of special comment in another column.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS, AND THE MASSACRE OF ITS INHABITANTS BY THE REBEL GUERRILLAS, AUGUST 21, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

MORRIS ISLAND SKETCHES.—[See Page 567.]

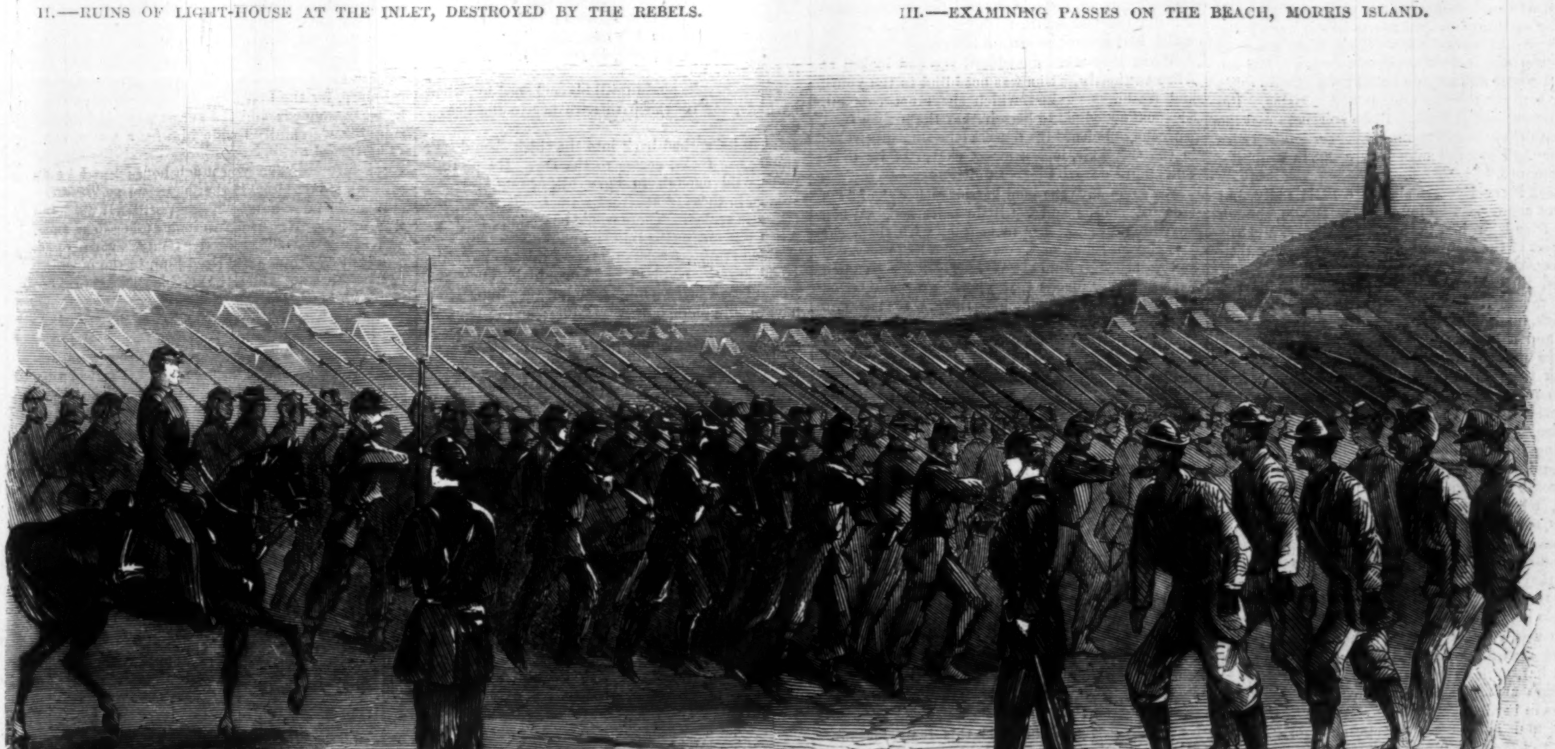


I.—THE MORTAR SCHOONERS AND WOODEN GUN-BOATS BOMBARDING FORT WAGNER AND BATTERY GREGG.



II.—RUINS OF LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE INLET, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.

III.—EXAMINING PASSES ON THE BEACH, MORRIS ISLAND.



IV.—THE GRAND GUARD MARCHING TO, AND NEGRO FATIGUE-PARTY RETURNING FROM, THE TRENCHES IN FRONT OF WAGNER.

THE GRAVES OF GETTYSBURG.

[NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.—*Harrisburg, July 31.* Arrangements have been made to purchase a part of the battle-field at Gettysburg for a cemetery, in which it is proposed to gather the remains of our dead. The ground embraces the point of the desperate attack made upon the left centre of our army. Eight other States have already united with Pennsylvania in this project.]

LET us lay them where they fell,
When their work was done so well!
Dumb and stricken—leaving others
All the glorious news to tell.

All the yellow harvest-field,
Cursed with a crimson yield,
'Neath the thrusting in of sickles,
As the battle waxed or reeled!

They, with faces to the foe,
Lost to pain, and peace, and woe;
Armored in the inspiration
Of the old heroic glow:

Rushing grandly unto death!—
Eyes ablaze and 'bated breath—
Second-sighted for the future—
Here they piled the trampled heath!

Here for Liberty they stood,
Writ their records in their blood,
On the forehead of the epoch,
In a grand historic mood!

Let us lay them side by side,
In their awful martyr-pride:
They will slumber well and sweetly,
Spite of wailings far and wide.

And their story shall be told
When this Present, gray and old,
Loses each distinctive feature
In the Future's ample fold.

Well, the work was fitly done!
Well, the day was proudly won!
But—this nook that bloomed with battle—
There's no rarer 'neath the sun!

Let us lay them where they fell,
When their work was done so well!
In the martyr's noble silence,
Leaving us the tale to tell.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

WASHINGTON, *August* 2, 1863.

THE BLUE FLOWERS.

"There's a blue flower in my garden
The bee loves more than all—
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small."

"OH, jolly, jolly!"

That was Aggie French's way of expressing satisfaction, and her companion looked up, expectant of news.

"My letter is from Georgina Ash," she explained. "You must have heard of her—the handsomest blonde you ever saw; eyes half blue, half amber; and hair neither brown, nor yellow, nor red, but just exactly gold. The fun is, Thorne used to be in love with her before he knew little Alice Devon, and they said she jilted him—it was before he came to his fortune—for a richer suitor. Any way she isn't married, and it will be curious to see how Thorne will take her presence here in this house, where there are so few of us that we can't help being intimate. Of course he can't run away and leave Alice, and we shall see what we shall see when my Lady Magnificent comes. For my part, I never did believe first love a disease quite so easy to get over as mumps and measles. I'm told Thorne had it hard. I like stories in real life a great deal better than out of books—they're twice as spicy. I promise myself rare fun in watching the romance."

Quiet Mary Everett sighed, a little sadly, but did not answer. She loved Alice Devon, though their friendship had been of weeks only, and the prospect of the coming "fun" was far from exhilarating.

Just then Alice came in, so radiantly happy. Her brown hair tossed about her primrose cheeks, her soft, innocent brown eyes sparkling with pleasure, and a few rare wild flowers in her hand. Thorne was behind her, looking on as she exhibited her treasures with a smile and an eye-glance which revealed more than he was aware of love and pride.

"See," cried the soft, clear tones, "you've been hunting in vain for these little beauties all summer and we've found them. Do you smell the sea-breath in them? We got them among the rocks, where they look forever out toward the waves, and at high tide the water comes up among the roots. How blue they are, just like a bit of the summer sky! I'm going for them often, and since they are mine by right of discovery, I'll call them treasure-trove, for I don't like those polysyllable botany names."

She was a pretty picture, in her delicate morning dress, with her young, innocent girl's face, the round hat, with its bunch of wild roses and meadow grass swinging from her arm, and the blue flowers in her hand.

She and Thorne were happy enough, both of them, to have moved any tender heart to let them dream on. But Aggie French's heart was not tender. Not that she was so very cruel, only thoughtless, fond of fun, and a little careless what wounds her self-indulgence might inflict. She looked wickedly into Thorne's eyes and said—

"I had a letter from an old friend of yours this morning—Miss Georgina Ash. She is coming here to-day or to-morrow. She does not know she will meet you. What a pleasant surprise it will be!"

It was fortunate that Alice Devon was busy just then with Mary Everett, who was asking her some question about their morning ramble. She was spared from reading the signs which revealed so much to Aggie French—the sudden quiver of Thorne's mustached lip, the bronzed face a few shades paler, the smile that tried to be careless and failed. Little Alice only heard the cool answer:

"Ah, I haven't seen her for five years. She used to be a stylish, handsome girl. I wonder if she's faded?"

She thought to herself that, for old friends, her lover seemed to take very slight interest in the prospective new-comer.

When they came in together again from their afternoon walk, Thorne and Alice, some trunks were in the hall, with G. A. painted in black letters upon their covers.

"The new guest, I suspect," Alice said, lightly. Thorne was too self-conscious to reply. He bit his lip and was silent.

When Aggie French heard him going by her door, after he had left Alice, she put her head out with a malicious whisper:

"She's come—been with me a couple of hours. Now she's in her own room, dressing for tea."

It was just at sunset when all the party beforementioned and a half dozen more were gathered in the low, old-fashioned parlor ready to go in to supper. Mary Everett, who had never before met Miss Ash, looked at her critically as she stood beside little Alice Devon; the two having just been introduced to each other by Thorne, who, whatever he might have betrayed when taken by surprise, was perfectly self-possessed now.

There was no disputing that the new-comer was the handsomest woman at "The Shoals." It was a grand, regal style which swayed a power of its own. The tall, full figure; the matchless complexion, with its coloring clear and bright as dawn; the great, magnetic eyes; the tawny gold hair, filling the silken net full; the mouth so ripe and tempting—all these, with the self-understanding, the *aplomb* of twenty-five years. In that stately presence little Alice Devon, with her seventeen years and her primrose face, looked unformed and childish. But there was something about her most sweet and tender and touching, which made Mary Everett think of a rose-bud with the morning-dew still on; and glancing back to the other she hummed, half under her breath, a snatch of an old nursery song:

"The sunflower with her brilliant crown
Looked lovely and tempting to the bee;
Yet not one drop of honey he found
In her wonder cup of gold and brown—
She was false at heart, though fair to see."

Aggie French had not arrived at the entire truth about the separation between Miss Ash and Howard Thorne. She had not jilted him. They had given each other up mutually. It was the fortieth lover's quarrel, perhaps; for Miss Ash was of a tempestuous temperament, and Thorne not over-patient. It was the one too many, at any rate; for they had never made it up, and five years had passed without their seeing each other. In the mean time some of Thorne's relations had died and left him a fortune, making him better worth winning. Miss Aggie was mistaken, too, in thinking that her friend came to "The Shoals" without knowing that her old lover was there. No allusion to the knowledge had escaped her in her letter; but the certainty of meeting him had been her sole motive. To do her justice, she did not know of his engagement. She learned that for the first time in her two hours with Miss French before tea. It dismayed her not a little. It was an obstacle she had not foreseen, and she did not feel entire faith now in the success which had seemed so certain before.

When they were introduced she had looked at Alice anxiously. She was not blind to the youth and freshness against which she must contend. She acknowledged to herself that the girlish face, with the bunch of blue flowers (the treasure-trove) in the soft hair, had a sweet charm of its own. She almost despaired—not quite.

For some days she held herself rather aloof from Howard Thorne and his little betrothed. When any thing brought her in contact with them she was playful sometimes, sometimes a little reserved and sad, though kind always. There was so much variety in her moods that Thorne grew interested before he knew it in watching them. He began to realize, now he observed her more closely, how royally beautiful she was. She had been far less so in the old days when he had thought the whole universe bounded by her smile. Her manner had changed too. She had been imperious then—she was so still at times; but oftener there was a tender, half-pathetic softness in words and ways which made him think she had grown sadder with the sad years. Had her life missed him? There was a subtle flattery in the thought against which his vanity was not proof.

He was not untrue toward his little love in all these speculations, at least not consciously; but they were dangerous. Very dangerous when, one day, he suffered himself, sitting idly and alone on the piazza, to wonder what would have been the result of his meeting again with Miss Ash if he had never seen Alice.

Just then she came up the walk in her loveliest mood. Tenderness in a person to whom Nature has given the seal of sovereignty moves us far more than in those gentler persons to whom it seems indigenous. She looked sad, this Lady Magnificent, as Aggie French had dubbed her. She was simply dressed, in a robe of fleecy white, with a few flowers stuck for sole ornament in belt and bosom. Her eyes were downcast. There was a stain as of tears on her cheek. Some impulse he should have resisted drew Thorne to her side. Are there moments in all lives when our good angel forsakes us? Half unconsciously he said to her,

"Miss Ashe—Georgina, we were friends once—I do not like to see you sad."

The great amber eyes turned on him a look of mute reproach. After a moment she said, with a trifle of the old petulance,

"I do not like to have my moods noticed. It is not generous of you, with all you want in life, to look out from the safe shelter of your happiness and watch how I bear loneliness and heartache."

"All I want in life!"

He repeated the words after her dreamily, as if he were questioning himself whether indeed he had what he most wanted in life. The past seemed to throb again in his heart—tingle in his pulses. Were the days dead in which he had been this woman's lover? They had turned, mechanically as it were, and were passing down the shaded path which she had walked up alone. For a while neither spoke. What subtle magnetism was in her presence that made it thrill him so just to walk by her side? He stole a look at her at length. She was pale to the lips, and slow tears were stealing from under drooping lids. A sudden mad impulse swayed him—a wild longing to read her heart. He put out his hand and touched hers. He spoke with a tone that would be obeyed.

"What is it? I *will* know. Is it any thought of the past, of me, which moves you?"

She turned her eyes full of reproach upon him.

"What right have you, Alice Devon's lover, to the past or me? Be content with your own joy. It should be piquant enough without the zest of enhancing it by contrast with my misery."

The mention of Alice Devon struck a pang, sword-keen, to his heart. He was not a bad man; nay, he was perhaps better than most men. He respected his plighted word—he loved Alice. Still he had not strength enough to escape from the baleful spell which was closing round him.

"Your misery!" he cried. "Do you, whom all the world envies, know what misery means? Tell me. I will know."

Again that long, reproachful look from out those amber eyes.

"Howard, for shame! You must not, you shall not torture me, now when all ties between us are over. Do you think I would have parted with you in anger that last time if I had not thought your love was strong enough to bring you back? We were both wrong—we ought to have forgiven each other. But why talk of it? You are better off; and I—perhaps I am not punished too severely for the share of blame that was mine."

Thoughts swam through his brain deliriously. She, his youth's love, loved him—was suffering for him—had loved him all the while. He looked at her, more beautiful than ever in her sorrow, her tenderness. After all, was not the old love the true love?

"If I were free—" he began.

"Of what use would be freedom?" she interrupted him, passionately. "You *were* free five years."

"But I did not see you. Oh, Georgie! this is cruel. You should have come before, or not at all."

Just then steps crushed the sand near them. Around a sudden turn in the winding path came Mary Everett, with Alice, his Alice, clinging to her arm.

"We heard a few words—we could not help it," Miss Everett said, with eyes of stern rebuke, leading her friend by.

Howard Thorne cursed his fate as he saw his little love's pale face, with the heart-break settling over it, almost like the shadow of death. He knew now where his heart was—saw what brief madness had possessed him. He would have given half the universe to be able to go to Alice's side and tell her the truth. But he dared not approach her. For the first time in his life he felt like a coward. He stood and watched her, silently, as she moved away—his darling, whom he had been mad enough to lose. Then he turned, with a look in his eyes that made Georgina Ash tremble.

"I *am* free now; and, as you said, of what use is freedom?"

Neither spoke again until his cool good-by, when he had gone up the path with her to the house-door.

Then he rushed back into the thick shrubbery, among the rocks, across to the sea. He was almost wild enough to bury all, wrong, sorrow, shame, in those treacherous waters. He knew his fate was sealed. There would be no hope for him. Alice was not unforgiving; but she was true, and claimed truth—a woman, and would accept no divided heart. Explain as he would he knew she would never believe him or understand him. She never could know how it all came; and if he offered explanations she would believe that only honor, only sorrow for her, held him; and those mad moments could never be atoned for.

Just then he turned. He was standing in the very nook where they had gathered the blue flowers. Some others, their sisters, were nodding in the cleft. He gathered a bunch and laid them carefully in a pocket-book, which he carried in his breast.

"They shall go with me into other scenes," he said, his sad eyes kindling again with the gleam of a new resolve. "I have held back from giving my life to my country because Alice's love made the offering too costly. Now I will go. It will be better for her if I die."

He found a note on his table when he went home, and in it these words only:

"Be merciful enough not to write to me, or ask to see me. It would be of no use. What I heard, what I saw, can never be explained out of memory. I forgive you. I do not think you meant to be false. When you told me you loved me I believe you thought so. I shall go away to-night, and leave you to the love you have found again."

He obeyed her—made no useless attempts at explanation; and watched from his window to see her go away with a calmness more terrible and despairing than any passion of agony.

Later in the evening came another note; from Miss Ash this time. It was worded, oh! so skillfully; begging his pardon; telling him how innocent she was of wrong design; blameless of every thing but the love and sorrow she could not help, and the letting him speak to her at all.

Howard Thorne smiled grimly as he twisted her soft words and lighted his cigar with them. All her blandishments were powerless now. No device of hers could move him, steeled to vindictiveness by the look of white pain he had seen on Alice Devon's face. He made no response. The next morning he too went away.

Somehow even Aggie French's heart was touched by his hopeless, dreary smile as he bade her good-by. Certainly the Lady Magnificent's visit had not been productive of the expected "fun." Miss Everett had gone away the night before with Alice; and "The Shoals" bade fair to be presently deserted.

All that was last year—the summer of '62. It was September when Howard Thorne found himself a soldier, with the commission, urged upon him half against his will, of First Lieutenant. He was with the Army of the Potomac, and before the summer came again he had seen hard fighting, and held a Colonel's rank by virtue of his cool courage. Courage, did I say? Recklessness, perhaps, would have told the truth more nearly. He wanted to die, and so took every possible opportunity to throw away the life of which he was weary. For that reason, perhaps, shot and shell passed him by. Ever in the front, and no ball hit him. They began to say that he bore a charmed life when they saw him with no scar on his bronzed handsome face.

At last came Gettysburg and the bullet which sought his heart! It was turned aside a little by a book he wore—the book which held the blue treasure-trove—so that, ghastly and terrible as was his wound, it was not instantly mortal. There was small hope for him, however; and one who loved him as a brother asked, when there was leisure after the fight, if there was any one for whom he would wish to send. All his pale face brightened gloriously. This was the hour for which he had longed and waited. He dictated only these words:

"Come to me before I die. You will believe what I have to say when you know it is my last words."

This, with the address of Alice Devon on the cover.

Then he waited.

Five days were the least possible time in which, allowing for no delays, she could get the letter and come to him. He thought his strong will would keep him alive so long.

On the evening of the fifth day he lay with his face toward the wall. Wrapped in thought, and tortured with searching pain, he heard no footfall, heard nothing, until a low, remembered voice said,

"I am here."

Then he turned his face and saw Alice Devon at his pillow.

He waited for no greeting, no inquiries, but spoke the uppermost thought first:

"Alice, I *did* love you—only you. That scene which you could not understand was a momentary madness. She touched me with her misery—hints of the long, hopeless love she had cherished for me all those years. I was moved on the surface only. I tell you, as a dying man, that my heart never wavered. It was yours then, as it is now—as it will be when I go back whence I came, to darkness and mystery."

"I believe you," said the low, sweet tones. "I began to believe it when I heard of her marriage, six months after. I knew she had been disappointed, and I had been wrong and hasty."

"No, not wrong; you had reason enough. You shall not blame yourself. I never blamed you. But are you free? Is this *my* Alice at my side?"

"Your Alice; yours, and none other's."

"Then I shall die content."

Through all the hours of that night she sat beside him, holding his hand in hers, charming away his pain by her voice and her touch. When the dawn crept softly up the slopes, and kindled the eastern sky to flame, he was sleeping a calm, restful sleep, for the first time in all those days since he was wounded; and the surgeon coming in, and standing watchfully beside him for a while, said, as he turned away,

"I dare not give you much hope; but I begin to think it just possible that he may live."

A little later he awoke, and still Alice's hand was in his. He turned to look at her dear face, and saw a new light in the tender brown eyes. She bent over him and kissed him, in the morning twilight through which the sun had not yet broken, and with her kiss she whispered,

"The surgeon has been here, and he says it is possible you may live. Will you try, for me?"

"Ay, that I will," answered his deep tones, fervently. "Life, that I was so ready to throw away, is dear enough now. It must be that I shall get well now I have Alice to live for. Pray for it, my darling! God will hear such lips as yours."

Last week an invalid came back. His face was thin and pale, but his eyes were bright; and on that worn face was a look of hard-won peace. By easy stages he journeyed—he and the one friend with him—to the sea-coast, and took his old room at "The Shoals" once more. He found there old friends and new ones, all ready to give Colonel Ash glad welcome. It was Alice's care which had won him back from death. He was all hers now, and between them could never again come any shadow.

To-morrow at "The Shoals" will be a wedding, and the bride will wear a wreath of little blue flowers.

THE MASSACRE AT LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

THE city of Lawrence was, on the evening of August 20, 1863, one of the most thriving towns between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. At daybreak on the next day it was a heap of ruins. A gang of guerrillas, 800 strong, under Quantrell, crossed the Missouri River on the evening of the 20th, and pushed forward to Lawrence, where they arrived just before daybreak. Guards

were posted around the town so as to prevent all escape, and the work of pillage and murder at once commenced. The attack was wholly unexpected, and there was not the least show of resistance. The citizens were massacred by the light of their burning homes, and their bodies flung into wells and cisterns. In one case twelve men were driven into a building, where they were shot down, and the house burned over their bodies. The number of victims is stated at 180, including the Mayor and the principal citizens. Only one hotel was left standing, and this was spared because the guerrilla chief had been formerly entertained there free of expense. Two of the banks were plundered, and the third escaped because the marauders could not force the safe in time. The total loss of property is put down at two millions of dollars. No other such instance of wanton brutality has occurred during the American war. The names of Nena Sahib in India, Cut-Nose in Minnesota, and Quantrell in Kansas will go down in history together.

MORRIS ISLAND SKETCHES.

OUR special correspondent before Charleston sends us a series of sketches from Morris Island which we reproduce on page 565. No 1 shows the Mortar Schooners and Wooden Gun-boats bombarding Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg. No. 2 is a view of the Light-house at Light-house Inlet, destroyed by the rebels in February, 1862. The lower part of the Light-house was of brick: this was blown up, and the *débris* of the structure lay scattered around, as shown by our artist. No. 3 represents the Examining of Passes on the beach at Morris Island, our iron-clad fleet being visible in the distance. No. 4 represents the Grand Guard marching to, and the Negro Fatigue-Party returning at dark from, the trenches in front of Fort Wagner. The Grand Guard are in full uniform without knapsacks. The Fatigue-Party, in shirt sleeves, with trowsers rolled up, have their blankets slung over the right shoulder, and carry their canteens and haversacks. The officer is white.

MOSEBY'S GUERRILLAS.

INSTEAD of "Stonewall Jackson" with his dashing achievements, the rebel cavalry in Virginia have now nothing better to show than the performances of Moseby and his guerrillas, "citizens by day and soldiers by night." Aided by a perfect knowledge of the country and by information furnished by their sympathizers, they have succeeded in capturing quite a number of sutlers' trains, and escaping with a portion of their booty. These guerrilla enterprises, while they exert no influence upon the issue of the war, are annoying, and must be prevented. They are only possible through the connivance of the inhabitants of the region where they take place, and these should be held accountable for all the damage done by their friends. If this rule is strictly enforced, the aiders and abettors of these marauding gangs will find that they are carrying on a losing business.

BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON FORTS.

THE formal attack upon Fort Sumter was commenced on the 17th of August. The results of the first day's work is given in the following extracts from the official report of Admiral Dahlgren, dated on the 18th:

Yesterday was begun another series of operations against the enemy's works. Early in the morning General Gilmore opened all his batteries upon Fort Sumter, firing over Fort Wagner and the intervening space. About the same time I moved up the entire available naval force, leading with my flag in the *Weehawken*, followed by the *Kaatskill*, *Nahant*, and *Montauk*, the *Passaic* and *Patapsco* in reserve for Sumter—the *Ironsides* in position opposite to Wagner, and the gun-boats at long range.

As the tide rose the *Weehawken* was closed to about 450 yards off Wagner; the other three Monitors followed, and the *Ironsides* was taken as near as her great draft of water permitted. After a steady and well-directed fire Wagner was silenced about 9.13 A.M., and that of our own vessels was slackened in consequence. Meanwhile the fire of our shore batteries was working effectually upon the gorge of Sumter, which appeared to have been strengthened in every possible manner.

At this time the flag was shifted to the *Passaic*, which, with the *Patapsco*, both having rifle-guns, steamed up the channel until within 2000 yards of Fort Sumter, when fire was opened on the gorge, angle, and southeast front of the work. The *Patapsco* fired very well, and is believed to have struck the southeast front nine consecutive times. To all this Sumter scarcely replied. Wagner was silenced, and Battery Gregg alone maintained a deliberate fire at the *Passaic* and *Patapsco*. It was now noon; the men had been hard at work from daybreak, and needed rest; so I withdrew the vessels to give them dinner.

During the afternoon our shore batteries continued the fire at Sumter, with little or no reply from the enemy, and I contented myself with sending up the *Passaic* and *Patapsco* to prevent Wagner from repairing damages. The fort replied briskly, but in a short time left off firing. I am not able to state with exactness the result of the day's work, but I am well satisfied with what a distinct view of Sumter allowed me. Our entire power is not yet developed, as it will be daily, while the enemy is damaged without being able to repair.

The officers and men of the vessels have done their duty well, and will continue to do so. All went well with us, save one sad exception, Captain Rodgers, my Chief-of-Staff, was killed, as well as Pay-master Woodbury, who was standing near him.

It is but natural that I should feel deeply the loss thus sustained, for the close and confidential relations which the duties of fleet captain necessarily occasioned impressed me deeply with the worth of Captain Rodgers. Brave, intelligent, and highly capable, devoted to his duty and to the flag under which he passed his life, the country can not afford to lose such men. Of a kind and generous nature, he was always prompt to give relief when he could.

I have directed that all respect be paid to his remains, and the country will not, I am sure, omit to honor the memory of one who has not spared his life in her hour of trial.

Any further details of the siege of Charleston that come to hand will be found in the column of general news on page 563.

MAP OF THAT PART OF TENNESSEE THROUGH WHICH GENERAL ROSECRANS ADVANCED FROM MURFREESBORO TO TULLAHOMA AND CHATTANOOGA.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS SUMTER AND WAGNER IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, AUGUST 17, BY THE UNITED STATES

ATES MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES, UNDER GENERAL GILMORE AND ADMIRAL DAHLGREN—[See Page 567.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE spirit of dissension in Musgrove Cottage penetrated to the very kitchen. Old Betty sided with Alfred, and combated in her place the creed of the parlor. "Why, according to miss, the young sparrows are bound never to fly out of the nest, or else have the Bible flung at 'em. She do go on about God's will; seems to me 'tis His will the world should be peopled by body and beast—which they are both his creatures—and, by the same token, if they don't marry they does wus. Certainly while a young man bides at home, it behooves him to be dutiful; but that ain't to say he *is* to bide at home forever. Master Alfred's time is come to leave we, and be master in a house of his own, as his father done before him, which he forgets that now. He is grown to man's estate, and his mother's money, and no more bound to our master than I be." She said, too, that "parting slights more quarrels than it breeds:" and she constantly invited Peggy to speak up and gainsay her. But Peggy was a young woman with white eyelashes, and given to looking down, and not to speaking up; she was always watching Mr. Hardie in company, like a cat cream; and hovering about him when alone. Betty went so far as to accuse her of colloguing with him against Alfred, and of "setting her cap at master," which accusation elicited no direct reply, but stinging innuendoes hours after.

Now, if one looks into the thing, the elements of discord had attacked Albion Villa quite as powerfully as Musgrove Cottage; but had hitherto failed signally: the mutual affection of the Dodds was so complete, and no unprincipled person among them to split the good.

And now that the wedding drew near there was but one joyful heart within the walls; but the others were too kind and unselfish to throw cold water. Mrs. Dodd's own wedding had ended in a piteous separation, and now to part with her darling child, and launch her on the uncertain waves of matrimony! She heaved many a sigh when alone: but, as there were no bounds to her maternal love, so there were no exceptions to her politeness: over her aching heart she forced on a wedding face, subdued, but hopeful, for her daughter; as she would for any other young lady about to be married beneath her roof. It was a heroic effort; and partially successful; not wholly, because Julia loved her mother in earnest, and all true love is vigilance.

It wanted but six days, when one morning after breakfast, the bereaved wife, and mother about to be deserted, addressed her son and Viceroy thus: "Edward, we *must* borrow fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds? what for? who wants that?"

"Why, *I* want it," said Mrs. Dodd, stoutly.

"Oh, if *you* want it!—what to do, please?"

"Why, to buy her wedding-clothes, dear."

"I thought what her 'I' would come to," said Julia, reproachfully.

Edward shook his head and said, "He who goes a-borrowing goes a sorrowing."

"But she is not a he:" objected Mrs. Dodd with the subtlety of a schoolman: "and who ever heard of a young lady being married without some things to be married *in*?"

"Well, I've heard nudity is not the cheese, on public occasions: but why not go dressed like a lady as she always does, only wear white gloves; and be married without any bother and nonsense."

"You talk like a boy," said Mrs. Dodd. "I could not bear it. My poor child!" and she cast a look of tenderest pity on the proposed victim. "Well, suppose we make the poor child the judge," suggested Edward. He then put it to Julia whether, under the circumstances, she would wish them to run in debt, buying her finery to wear for a day. "It was not fair to ask *her*," said Mrs. Dodd, with a sigh.

Julia blushed and hesitated, and said she would be candid; and then stopped.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Edward. "This is a bad beginning. Girls candor! now for a masterpiece of Duplicity."

Julia inquired how he dared; and Mrs. Dodd said warmly that Julia was not like other people, she could be candid; had actually done it, more than once, within her recollection. The young lady justified the exception as follows: "If I was going to be married to myself, or to some gentleman I did not care for, I would not spend a shilling. But I am going to marry *him;* and so—oh, Edward, think of them saying 'what has he married? a dowdy: why she hadn't new things on to go to church with him: no bonnet, no wreath, no new white dress!' To mortify him the very first day of our—" The sentence remained unfinished, but two lovely eyes filled to the very brim without running over, and completed the sense, and did the Viceroy's business though a brother. "Why you dear little goose," said he: "of course I don't mean that. I have as good as got the things we must buy; and those are a new bonnet—"

"Ah!"

"A wreath of orange blossoms—"

"Oh you good boy!"

"Four pair of gloves: two white—one is safe to break—two dark; very dark: invisible green, or visible black; last the honey-moon. All the rest you must find in the house."

"What, fit her out with a parcel of old things? Can you be so cruel, so unreasonable, dear Edward?"

"Old things! Why, where is all your gorgeous attire from Oriental climes? I see the splendiferous articles arrive, and then they vanish forever."

"Now, shawls and Indian muslins! pray what use are they to a bride?"

"Why what looks nicer than a white muslin dress?"

"Married in muslin? The very idea makes me shiver."

"Well, clap her on another petticoat."

"How can you be so childish? Muslin is not the thing."

"No more is running in debt."

He then suggested that a white shawl or two should be cut into a bridal dress. At which both ladies' fair throats opened on him with ridicule: cut fifty-guinea shawls into ten-pound dresses; that was male economy; was it? Total; a wedding was a wedding: new things always *had* had to be bought for a wedding, and always would, in secula seculorum.

"New things? Yes," said the pertinacious wretch. "But they need not be new-bought things. You ladies go and confound the world's eyes with your own in the drollest way: if gorgeous attire has lain long in your drawers, you fancy the world will detect on its glossy surface how long you had it, and gloated over it, and made it stale to your eye, before you could bring your mind to wear it. That is your delusion, that, and the itch for going out shopping, oh, I'm down on you. Mamma dear, you open that gigantic wardrobe of yours; and I'll oil my hair, whitewash my mug (a little moan from Mrs. D.), and do the counterjumping business to the life; hand the things down to you, unroll 'em, grin, charge you 100 per cent. over value, note them down in a penny memorandum book, sing out 'caesh! caesh!' etc., etc.: and so we shall get all Julia wants, and go through the ritual of shopping without the substantial disgrace of running in debt."

Mrs. Dodd smiled admiringly, as ladies generally do at the sauciness of a young male; but proposed an amendment. She would open her wardrobe, and look out all the contents for Edward's inspection; and, if the mere sight of them did not convince him they were inappropriate to a bride, why then she would coincide with his views, and resign her own.

"All right!" said he. "That will take a jolly time, I know; so I'll go to my governor first for the bonnet and wreath."

Mrs. Dodd drew in at this last slang word; she had heard young gentlemen apply it to their fathers.

Edward, she felt sure, would not so sully that sacred relation: still the word was obnoxious for its past offenses; and she froze at it: "I have not the honor to know who the personage is you so describe," said she, formally. Edward replied very carelessly that it was an upholsterer at the North end of the town."

"Ah, a tradesman you patronize."

"Humph? Well, yes, that is the word, mamma: haw! haw! I have been making the bloke a lot of oak candlesticks, and human heads, with sparkling eyes, for walking-sticks, etc. And now I'll go and draw my—protégé's—blunt." The lady's hands were uplifted toward pitying Heaven with one impulse: the young workman grinned: "Soyons de notre siècle," said he, and departed whistling, in the tenor clef. He had the mellowest whistle in England.

After a few minutes well spent in deploring the fall of her Oxonian, and gently denouncing his motto, and his century's ways, and, above all, its words, Mrs. Dodd took Julia to her bedroom, and unlocked drawers, and doors, in her wardrobe; and straightway Sarah, who was hurriedly flogging the chairs with a duster, relaxed, and began to work on a cheval-glass as slowly as if she was drawing Nelson's lions at a thousand pounds the tail. Mrs. Dodd opened a drawer and took out three pieces of worked Indian muslin, a little discolored by hoarding: "There, that must be bleached and make you some wrappers for the honey-moon, if the weather is at all fine; and petticoats to match;" next an envelope consisting of two foolscap sheets tacked. This, carefully undone upon the bed, revealed a Brussels lace flounce and a veil: "It was my own," said Mrs. Dodd, softly. "I saved it for you. See here is your name written on it seventeen years ago. I thought—'This dear little toddler will have wings some day, and then she will leave me.' But now I am almost afraid to let you wear it; it might bring you misfortune: suppose after years of wedded love you should be bereaved of—" Mrs. Dodd choked, and Julia's arms were round her neck in a moment.

"I'll risk it," cried she, impetuously. "If it but makes me as beloved as you are; I'll wear it come weal, come woe! And then I shall feel it over me at the altar like my guardian angel's wings, my own sweet, darling mamma. Oh what an idiot, what a wretch I am, to leave you at all!"

This unfortunate, unexpected burst interrupted business sadly. Mrs. Dodd sank down directly on the bed and wept; Julia cried over her, and Sarah plumped herself down in a chair and blubbered. But wedding flowers are generally well watered in the private apartments.

Patient Mrs. Dodd soon recovered herself: "This is childlike of me. When I think that there are mothers who see their children go from the house corpses, not brides, I ought to be ashamed of myself. Come! à l'œuvre. Ah, here is something." And she produced a white China crape shawl. "Oh, how sweet," said Julia, "why have you never worn it?"

"Dear me, child, what use would things be to those I love, if I went and *wore* them?"

The next article she laid her hand on was a roll of white poplin, and drew an exclamation from Mrs. Dodd herself: "If I had not forgotten this, and it is the very thing! Your dear papa bought me this in London, and I remonstrated with him well for buying me such a delicate thing, only once wear. I kissed it and put it away, and forgot it. They *say* if you keep a thing seven years. It *is* just seven years since he gave it me; really the dear boy is a witch: this is your wedding-dress, my precious precious." She unrolled a few yards on the bed to show it; and asked the gloating Sarah, with a great appearance of consideration, whether they were not detaining her from her occupations?

"Oh no, mum. This glass have got so dull; I'm just polishing of it a bit. I sha'n't be a minute now, mum."

From silver tissue paper Mrs. Dodd evolved a dress (unmade) of white crape embroidered in true-lovers-knots of violet silk, and ears of wheat in gold. Then there was a scream at the glass, and Sarah seen in it with ten claws in the air very wide apart: she had slyly turned the mirror and was devouring the reflection of the finery, and this last Indian fabric overpowered her. Her exclamation was instantly followed by much polishing; but Mrs. Dodd replied to it after the manner of her sex: "Well it *is* lovely," said she to Julia: "but where is the one with beetle wings? Oh here."

"Real beetle's wings, mamma?" inquired Julia.

"Yes, love."

"So they are, and how wicked! and what a lovely green! I will never wear them: they are prismatic: now, if ever I am to be a Christian I had better begin: every thing *has* a beginning. Oh vanity of women, you stick at nothing! A thousand innocent lives stolen to make one dress." And she put one hand before her eyes and with the other ordered the dress back into the wardrobe with a genuine agitation.

"My dear, what expressions! And you need not wear it; indeed neither of them is fit for that purpose. But you *must* have a pretty thing or two about you. I have hoarded these a good many years; now it is your turn to have them by you. And let me see: you want a traveling cloak, but the dear boy will not let us; so choose a warm shawl."

A rich but modest one was soon found, and Julia tried it on, arching her supple neck, and looking down over her shoulder to see the effect behind, in which attitude oh for an immortal brush to paint her, or any thing half as bright, supple, graceful, and every inch a woman! At this moment Mrs. Dodd threw a lovely blue Indian shawl on the bed, galvanizing Sarah so that up went her hands again, and the door opened softly, and a handsome head in a paper cap peeped on the scene inquiring with mocked timidity, "May 'The British Workman' come in?" He was invited warmly, Julia whipped his cap off, and tore it in two, reddening, and Mrs. Dodd, intending to compliment his foresight, showed him the bed laden with the treasures they had disinterred from vanity's mahogany tomb.

"Well, mother," said he, "you were right, and I was wrong: they are inappropriate enough, the whole lot."

The ladies looked at one another, and Sarah permitted herself a species of snort.

"Do we want Sarah?" he asked, quietly. She retired bridling.

"Inappropriate?" exclaimed Mrs. Dodd. "There is nothing here unfit for a bride's trousseau."

"Good Heavens! Would you trick her out like a Princess?"

"We must. We are too poor to dress her like a lady."

"Cinderella; at your service," observed Julia complacently, and pirouetted before him in her new shawl.

Ideas, rejected peremptorily at the time, often rankle, and bear fruit by-and-by. Mrs. Dodd took up the blue shawl, and said she would make Julia a peignoir of it; and the border being narrowish, would do for the bottom. "That was a good notion of yours, darling," said she, bestowing a sweet smile on Edward. He grunted. Then she took out a bundle of lace: "Oh, for pity's sake, no more," cried the "British Workman."

"Now, dearest, you have interfered once in feminine affairs, and we submitted. But, if you say another word, I will trim her poplin with Honiton two feet deep."

"Quarter! quarter!" cried Edward. "I'm dumb; grant me but this; have nothing made up for her out of the house: you know there is no dress-maker in Barkington can cut like you: and then that will put some limit to our inconsistency." Mrs. Dodd agreed; but she must have a woman in to sew.

Edward grunted at this, and said: "I wish I could turn you these gowns with my lathe; what a deal of time and bother it would save. However, if you want any stuffing, come to me; I'll lend you lots of shavings; make the silk rustle. Oh here is my governor's contribution." And he produced £7 10*s*.

"Now, look there," said Julia, sorrowfully, "it is money, and I thought you were going to bring me the very bonnet yourself. Then I should have valued it."

"Oh yes," replied the young gentleman ironically, "can I choose a bonnet to satisfy such swells as you and mamma? I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go with you and *look* as wise as Solomon, all the time you are choosing it."

"A capital plan," said Julia.

Edward then shook his fist at the finery: and retired to work again for his Governor: "Flowers," he observed, "are indispensable, at a wedding breakfast; I hear too it is considered the right cheese to add something in the shape of grub." Exit whistling in the tenor clef; and keeping their hearts up, like a man.

So now there were two work-shops in Albion Villa; Ned's study, as he called it, and the drawing-room: in the former, shavings flew, and settled at their ease, and the whirr of the lathe slept not; the latter, was all patterns, tapes, hooks-and-eyes, whalebone, cuttings of muslin, poplin, and paper, clouds of lining-muslin, snakes of piping, skeins, shreds, and the floor literally sown with pins, escaped from the fingers of the fair, those taper fingers so typical of the minds of their owners; for they have softness, suppleness, nimbleness, adroitness, and "a plentiful lack" of tenacity.

The days passed in hard work, and the evenings in wooing, never sweeter than when it has been so earned: and at last came the wedding-eve. Dr. Sampson, who was to give the bride away, arrived just before dinner-time: the party, including Alfred, sat down to a charming little dinner; they ate beetles' wings, and drank Indian muslin fifteen years in the wood. For the lathe and the chisel proved insufficient, and Julia, having really denied herself, as an aspirant to Christianity, that assassin's robe, Mrs. Dodd sold it under the rose to a fat old dowager—for whom nothing was too fine—and so kept up appearances.

Julia and Alfred were profoundly happy at bottom; yet their union was attended with too many drawbacks for boisterous gayety, and Alfred, up to this time, had shown a seriousness and sobriety of bliss that won Mrs. Dodd's gratitude. It was the demeanor of a delicate mind; it became his own position, at odds with his own flesh and blood for Julia's sake; it became him, as the son-in-law of a poor woman so lately bereaved of her husband, and reduced to poverty by one bearing the name of Hardie.

But now Dr. Sampson introduced a gayer element. He had seen a great deal of Life; i. e. of death and trouble. This had not hardened him, but, encountering a sturdy, valiant, self-protecting nature, had made him terribly tough and elastic; it was now his way never to go forward or backward a single step after sorrow. He seldom mentioned a dead friend or relation, and if others forced on the dreary topic on him, they could never hold him to it; he was away directly to something pleasant or useful, like a grasshopper skipping off a grave into the green grass. He had felt keenly about David while there was any thing to be done: but now his poor friend was in a mad-house, thanks to the lancet; and there was an end of *him*. Thinking about him would do him no good. The present only is irresistible; past and future ills, the mind can bar out by a resolute effort. The bride will very likely die of her first child! Well then, forget that just now. Her father is in an asylum! well then, don't remember him at the wrong time: there sit female beauty and virtue ready to wed manly wit and comeliness, seated opposite. See their sweet stolen glances; a few hours only between them and wedded rapture: and I'm here to give the lovely virgin away: fill the bumper high! dum vivimus vivamus. In this glorious spirit he rattled on, and soon drew the young people out, and silvery peals of laughter rang round the genial board.

This jarred on Mrs. Dodd. She bore it in silence some time; but, with the grief it revived, and sharpened by contrast, and the polite effort to hide her distress, found herself becoming hysterical: then she made the usual signal to Julia, and beat an early retreat. She left Julia in the drawing-room, and went and locked herself in her own room. "Oh, how can they be so *cruel* as to laugh and giggle in my David's house!" She wept sadly, and for the first time felt herself quite lonely in the world: for what companionship between the gay and the sad-hearted? Poor thing, she lived to reproach herself even with this, the nearest approach she ever made to selfishness.

Ere long she crept into Julia's room and humbly busied herself packing her trunks for the wedding tour. The tears fell fast on her white hands.

She would not have been left alone a minute if Julia's mind had not been occupied just then with an affectionate and seemly anxiety: she earnestly desired to reconcile her Alfred and his sister before the wedding; and she sat in the drawing-room thinking whether it could be done, and how.

At last she sat down blushing and wrote a little note, and rang the bell for Sarah, and sent it courageously into the dining-room.

Sarah very prudently listened at the keyhole before entering; for she said to herself, "If they are talking free, I sha'n't go in till it's over."

The persons so generously suspected were discussing a parchment Alfred had produced, and wanted signed: "You are our trustee, my boy," said he to Edward: "so just write your name here, and mine comes here, and the witnesses there: the Doctor and Sarah will do. Send for a pen."

"Let's read it first, please."

"Read it! What for?"

"Catch me signing a paper without reading it, my boy."

"What, can't you trust me?" inquired Alfred, hurt.

"Oh yes. And can't you trust me?"

"There's a question: why I have named you my Trusty in the deed; he, he."

"Well then trust me without my signing, and I'll trust you without reading."

Sampson laughed at this retort, and Alfred reddened; he did not want the Deed read. But while he hesitated, Sarah came in with Julia's note, asking him to come to her for a minute. This sweet summons made him indifferent to prosaic things. "Well, read away," said he: "one comfort, you will be no wiser."

"What, is it in Latin?" asked Edward, with a wry face.

"No such luck. Deeds used to be in Latin;

but Latin could not be made obscure enough. So now Dark Deeds are written in an unknown tongue called 'Lawyerish,' where the sense is 'as one grain of wheat in two bushels of chaff;' pick it out if you can."

"Whatever man has done man may do," said Dr. Sampson, stoutly. "You have rid it, and yet understood it: so why mayn't we, ye monster o' conceit?"

"Read it?" said Alfred. "I never read it: would not read it for a great deal of money. The moment I saw what a senseless rigmarole it was, I flung it down and insisted on the battological author furnishing me with an English translation. He complied: the crib occupies just twenty lines; the original three folio pages, as you see. That crib, gentlemen," added he, severely, "is now in my waistcoat pocket; and you shall never see it—for your impudence. No, seat yourselves by that pool of parchment (sedet cœtemumque sedebit, etc.) and fish for Lawyer Crawford's ideas, rari nantes in gurgite vasto." And with this he flew up stairs on the wings of love. Julia met him in the middle of the room all in a flutter: "It is to ask you a favor. I am unhappy—about one thing."

"Then I ask *you* a favor; to let me try and make you happy."

"Dear, dear Alfred!"

She then leaned one hand softly on his shoulder, and curving her lovely, supple neck looked round into his face and watched it as she preferred her petition: "It is about Jane and you. I can not bear to part you two in this way: only think, six days you have not spoken; and I am the cause."

"Not the only cause, love."

"I don't know, darling. But it is very cruel. I have got my dear mother and Edward; you have nobody—but Me. Alfred," said she, with gentle impetuosity, "now is the time; your papa is away."

"Oh, is he?" said Alfred, carelessly.

"Yes. Sarah says Betty says he is gone to Uncle Thomas. So I know you won't refuse me, my own Alfred: it is to go to your sister this minute and make it up."

"What, and leave you?" objected Alfred, ruefully.

"No, no; you are with the gentlemen, you know: you are not here, *in reality*, till tea. Make them an excuse: say the Truth; say it is Me: and come back to me with good news."

He consented on these terms.

Then she armed him with advice: "You go to make peace; it is our last chance; now remember, you must be very generous, very sweet-tempered. Guard against your impetuosity. Oh, take warning by me; see how impetuous I am. And then, you know, after all, she is only a woman, and a great creature like you ought not to be ruffled by any thing so small as a woman's tongue: the idea! And, dearest, don't go trusting to your logic, but *do* descend to the arts of persuasion, because they are far more convincing somehow: please try them."

"Yes. Enumerate them."

"Why, kissing, and coaxing, and—don't ask *me*."

"Will you bestow a specimen of those arts on me if I succeed?"

"Try me," said she: and looked him earnestly in the face; but lowered her long lashes slowly and shyly, as she realized to what her Impetuosity was pledging itself.

Alfred got his hat and ran to Musgrove Cottage.

A man stepped out of the shadow of a hedge opposite Albion Villa, and followed him, keeping in shadow as much as possible.

The door of Musgrove Cottage was opened to him by old Betty with a joyful start: "Mr. Alfred, I declare! Come in; there's only me and Miss. Master is in Yorkshire, and that there crocodile, Peggy, she is turned away—for sauce—and a good riddance of bad rubbish; Miss is in the parlor."

She ushered him triumphantly in. Jane was seated reading: she dropped her book, and ran and kissed him with a cry of joy. So warm a reception surprised him agreeably, and simplified his task. He told her he was come to try and make it up with her before the wedding: "We lose your presence, dear Jenny," said he, "and that is a great grief to us, valuing you as we do: don't refuse us your good wishes to-morrow."

"Dearest Alfred," said she, "can you think it? I pray for you day and night. And I have begun to blame myself for being so sure you were in the wrong and poor papa faultless. What you sent me half in jest I take in earnest. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

"Why, Jenny," said Alfred, "how red your eyes are."

At this observation the young saint laid her head on her brother's shoulder and had a good cry like any other girl. When she recovered a little she told him, Yes, she had been very unhappy: that he had always been a dear good brother to her, and the only one she had; and that it cut her to the heart not to be at his wedding: it seemed so unkind.

Alfred set her on his knee—she had more soul than body—and kissed her and comforted her: and, in this happy revival of natural affection, his heart opened, he was off his guard, and told her all: gave her the proofs their father had got the £14,000. Jane, arrested by the skill and logical clearness with which he marshaled the proofs, listened in silence; and presently a keen shudder ran through her frame and reminded him he was setting a daughter against her father.

"There," said he, "I always said I would never tell you, and now I've done it. Well, at least you will see with what consideration, and unheard-of leniency, the Dodds, for our sake, are treating Mr. Richard Hardie. Just compare their conduct to him with his to them. And which is most to his advantage? that I should marry Julia, and give Mrs. Dodd the life-interest in my ten thousand pounds, to balance his dishonesty, or for him to be indicted as a thief? Ned Dodd told us plainly he would have set the police on him had any other but his son been the informant."

"Did *he* say that? Oh, Alfred, this is a miserable world."

"I can't see it: it is the jolliest world in the world: every thing is bright and lovely, and every body is happy except a few sick people, and a few peevish ones that run to meet trouble; to-morrow I marry my sweet Julia; Richard Hardie will find we two don't molest him, nor trouble our heads about him; he will get used to us; and one fine day we shall say to him, 'Now, we know all about the £14,000: just leave it by will to dear Jenny, and let my friend Dodd marry her, and you can enjoy it unmolested for your lifetime.' He will consent: and you will marry Ned, and then you'll find the world has been wickedly slandered, by dishonest men, and dismal dogs."

In this strain he continued till he made her blush a good deal and smile a little; a sad smile. Her Piety was unflinching; but her justice not so stern as his. She could not shake off a father, just for cheating.

But at last she said, "If I was sure all this is true, I think I would go—with a heavy heart—to your wedding. If I don't, the best part of me will be there, my prayers, and my warm, warm wishes for you both. Kiss her for me, and tell her so; and that I hope we shall meet round His throne soon, if we can not meet at His altar to-morrow."

Brother and sister then kissed one another affectionately; and Alfred ran back like the wind to Albion Cottage. Julia was not in the drawing-room, and some coolish tea was. After waiting half an hour he got impatient, and sent Sarah to say he had a message for her. Sarah went up stairs to Mrs. Dodd's room, and was instantly absorbed. After waiting again a long time, Alfred persuaded Edward to try his luck. Edward went up to Mrs. Dodd's room, and was absorbed.

The wedding dress was being solemnly tried on. A clean linen sheet was on the floor, and the bride stood on it, receiving the last touches of the milliner's art. With this and her white poplin and lace veil she seemed framed in white, and lovely, her cheeks bloomed so, and her eyes beamed, with excitement and innocent vanity, that altogether she was supernaturally lovely.

Once enter the room enchanted by this snow-clad rose, and—Vestigia nulla retrorsum.

However Edward escaped at last, and told Alfred what was on foot, and drew a picture of the Bride, with white above and white below.

"Oh, let me see her," implored the lover.

Edward must ask mamma about that. He did, and mamma said "Certainly not; the last person in the world that shall see her in her wedding dress." But she should come down to him in half an hour. It seemed a very long half hour. However, by way of compensation, he was alone when she did come. "Good news?" she asked, eagerly.

"Capital: we are the best of friends. Why she is half inclined to *come*."

"Then—oh how good you are: oh, how I love you."

And she flung a tender arm round his neck, like a young goddess, making love; and her sweet face came so near his he had only to stoop a little, and their lips met in a long blissful kiss.

That kiss was an era in her life. Innocence itself, she had put up her delicious lips to her lover in pure, though earnest, affection; but the male fire with which his met them made her blush as well as thrill, and she drew back a little, abashed and half scared, and nestled on his shoulder, hiding a face that grew redder and redder.

He bent his graceful head and murmured down to her, "Are you afraid of me, sweetest?"

"Oh no, no! Yes, a little: I don't know. I was afraid I had made too free with my Treasure; you don't quite belong to me yet, you know."

"Oh yes, I do: and, what is more, you belong to me. Don't you? Sweet rebel."

"Ah, that I do, heart and soul, my own, own, own, own."

A few more soft delicious murmurs, and then Julia was summoned to more rites of vanity, and the lovers parted with tender reluctance for those few hours.

Alfred went home to his lodgings.

He had not been there above ten minutes when he came out hastily and walked quickly to the "White Lion," the principal Inn in Barkington. He went into the stable-yard and said a few words to the hostler: then returned to his lodgings.

A man followed him at a distance from Albion Terrace; watched him home; dogged him to the "White Lion;" and by-and-by entered the yard and offered the hostler a glass of ale at the tap.

At Albion Villa they were working on Julia's dresses till past midnight: and then Mrs. Dodd insisted on her going to bed. She obeyed; but when the house was all quiet came stealing out to her mother and begged to sleep with her: the sad mother strained her in a tearful embrace: and so they passed the night; clinging to one another more as the party drew near.

Edward arranged the wedding-breakfast for after the ceremony; and sent the ladies up a cup of coffee, and a bit of toast apiece; they could hardly find appetite even for this; or indeed time; there was so much still to do.

At ten o'clock Julia was still in the height of dressing, delayed by contretemps upon contretemps. Sarah and her sister did her hair up too loose, and, being a glorious mass, it threatened all to come down; and meantime a hair-pin quietly but persistently bored her cream-white poll.

"Oh, send for mamma!"

Mamma came half-dressed, had the hair all down again, and did it up with adroit and loving hand, and put on the orange wreath, kissed her admiringly, and retired to her own toilet; and the girls began to lace the bride's body.

Bump came Edward's foot against the door, making them all shriek.

"Now I don't want to hurry you; but Dr. Sampson is come."

The handmaids flustered, tried to go faster; and when the work was done, Julia took her little hand-glass and inspected her back: "Oh," she screamed, "I am crooked. There, run for mamma!"

Mamma soon came, and the poor bride held out imploring hands: "I'm all awry. I'm as crooked as a ram's-horn."

"La, miss," said Sarah, "it's only behind; nobody will notice it."

"How can they help it? Mamma! *am* I deformed?"

Mrs. Dodd smiled superior and bade her be calm: "It is the lacing, dear. No, Sarah, it is no use your *pulling* it; all the pulling in the world will not straighten it. I thought so: you have missed the second top hole."

Julia's little foot began to beat a tattoo on the floor: "There is not a soul in the house but you can do the simplest thing. Eyes and no eyes! Fingers and no fingers! I never *did!*"

"Hush, love, we all do our best."

"Oh, I am sure of that; poor things."

"*Nobody* can lace you if you fidget about, love," objected Mrs. Dodd.

(Bump!) "Now I don't want to hurry any man's cattle; but the bridemaids are come."

"Oh dear, I shall never be ready in time," said Julia; and the tattoo recommenced.

"Plenty of time, love," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly lacing: "not half past ten yet. Sarah, go and see if the bridegroom has arrived."

Sarah returned with the reassuring tidings that the bridegroom had not yet arrived; though the carriages had.

"Oh, thank Heaven *he* is not come," said Julia. "If I keep him waiting to-day, he might say—'Oho'!"

Under dread of a comment so cutting she was ready, at last, and said majestically he might come now whenever he liked.

Meantime, down stairs, an uneasiness of the opposite kind was growing. Ten minutes past the appointed time, and the bridegroom not there. So while Julia, now full dressed, and easy in her mind, was directing Sarah's sister to lay out her plain traveling dress, bonnet and gloves, on the bed, Mrs. Dodd was summoned down stairs: she came down with Julia's white gloves in her hand and a needle and thread, the button sewed on by trade's fair hand having flown at the first strain. Edward met her on the stairs: "What had we better do, mother?" said he, sotto voce: "there must be some mistake. Can you remember? Wasn't he to call for me on the way to the church?"

"I really do not know," said Mrs. Dodd. "Is he at the church do you think?"

"No, no, either he was to call for me, here, or I for him. I'll go to the church though, it is only a step."

He ran off, and in little more than five minutes came into the drawing-room.

"No, he is not there. I must go to his lodgings. Confound him, he has got reading Aristotle, I suppose."

This passed before the whole party, Julia excepted.

Sampson looked at his watch, and said he could conduct the ladies to the church while Edward went for Alfred. "Division of labor," said he, gallantly, "and mine the delightful half."

Mrs. Dodd demurred to the plan. She was for waiting quietly in one place.

"Well, but," said Edward, "we may overdo that; here it is a quarter past eleven, and you know they can't be married after twelve. No, I really think you had better all go with the doctor; I dare say we shall be there as soon as you will."

This was agreed on after some discussion: Edward, however, to provide against all contingencies, begged Sampson not to wait for him should Alfred reach the church by some other road: "I'm only groomsman, you know," said he. He ran off at a racing pace. The bride was then summoned, admired, and handed into one carriage with her two bridemaids, Miss Bosanquet, and Miss Darton; Sampson and Mrs. Dodd went in the other; and by half past eleven they were all safe in the church.

A good many people high and low were about the door, and in the pews, waiting to see the beautiful Miss Dodd married to the son of a personage once so popular as Mr. Hardie: it had even transpired that Mr. Hardie disapproved the match. They had been waiting a long time, and were beginning to wonder what was the matter, when, at last, the bride's party walked up the aisle with a bright April sun shining on them through the broad old windows. The bride's rare beauty, and stag-like carriage; of her head imperial in its loveliness and orange wreath, drew a hum of admiration.

The party stood a minute or two at the east end of the church, and then the clergyman came out and invited them into the vestry.

Their reappearance was eagerly expected; in silence at first, but presently in loud and multitudinous whispers.

At this moment a young lady with almost perfect features and sylph-like figure, modestly dressed in dove-colored silk, but with a new chip bonnet and white gloves, entered a pew near the west door, and said a little prayer; then proceeded up the aisle, and exchanged a word with the clerk, then into the vestry.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!" went fifty female tongues, and the arrival of the bridegroom's sister became public news.

The bride welcomed her in the vestry with a sweet guttural of surprise and delight, and they kissed one another like little tigers.

"Oh my darling friend, how kind of you! have I got you back to make my happiness complete?"

Now none of her own party had thought it wise to tell Julia there was any hitch; but Miss Hardie blurted out naturally enough: "But where's Alfred?"

"I don't know, dear," said Julia, innocently. "Are not he and Edward in another part of the church? I thought we were waiting till twelve o'clock, perhaps. Mamma dear, you know every thing. I suppose this is all right?"

Then, looking round at her friend's faces, she saw in a moment that it was all wrong. Sampson's, in particular, was burning with manly indignation, and even her mother's discomposed, and trying to smile.

When the innocent saw this, she suspected her beloved was treating her cavalierly, and her poor little mouth began to work, and she had much ado not to whimper.

Mrs. Dodd, to encourage her, told her not to be put out: it had been arranged all along that Edward should go for him: "Unfortunately we had an impression it was the other way: but now Edward is gone to his lodgings."

"No, mamma," said Julia; "Alfred was to call for Edward; because our house was on the way."

"Are you sure, my child?" asked Mrs. Dodd, very gravely.

"Oh, yes, mamma," said Julia, beginning to tremble: "at a quarter before eleven. I heard them settle it."

The matter was terribly serious now; indeed it began to look hopeless. Weather overclouded; rain-drops falling, and hard upon twelve o'clock.

They all looked at one another in despair.

Suddenly there was a loud, long, buzzing heard outside, and the house of God turned into a gossiping fair. "Talk of money-changers," said Satan, that day, "give *me* the exchangers of small talk."

"Thank Heaven they are come," said Mrs. Dodd. But, having thus relieved her mind, she drew herself up and prepared a freezing reception for the defaulter.

A whisper reached their excited ears: "It is young Mr. Dodd!" and next moment Edward came into the vestry—alone: the sight of him was enough; his brow wet with perspiration, his face black and white with bitter wrath.

"Come home, my people," he said, sternly: "there will be no wedding here to-day."

The bridemaids cast questions to him; he turned his back fiercely on them.

Mrs. Dodd knew her son's face too well to waste inquiries. "Give me my child!" she cried, in such a burst of mother's anguish long restrained, that even the insult to the bride was forgotten for one moment, till she was seen tottering into her mother's arms and cringing and trying to hide bodily in her: "Oh, throw a shawl over me," she moaned: "hide all this!"

Well, they all did what they could; Jane hung round her neck and sobbed, and said, "I've a sister now, and no brother." The bridemaids cried. The young curate ran and got the fly to the vestry-door: "Get into it," he said, "and you will at least escape the curious crowd."

"God bless you, Mr. Hurd," said Edward, half choked. He hurried the insulted bride and her mother in; Julia huddled and shrank into a corner under Mrs. Dodd's shawl; Mrs. Dodd had all the blinds down in a moment; and they went home as from a funeral.

Ay, and a funeral it was; for the sweetest girl in England buried her hopes, her laugh, her May of youth, in that church that day.

When she got to Albion Villa she cast a wild look all around for fear she should be seen in her wedding-clothes; and darted moaning into the house.

Sarah met her in the hall, smirking; and saying, "Wish you j—"

The poor bride screamed so fearfully at the mocking words, she cut the conventional phrase in two as with a razor; then fled to her own room, and tore off her wreath, her veil, her pearls, and had already strewed the room, when Mrs. Dodd, with a foot quickened by affection, burst in and caught her half fainting, and laid her, weary as old age, and cold as a stone, upon her mother's bosom, and rocked her as in the days of happy childhood, never to return, and bedewed the pale face with her own tears.

Sampson took the bridemaids each to her residence, on purpose to leave Edward free. He came home, washed his face, and, sick at heart, but more master of himself, knocked timidly at Julia's door.

"Come in, my son," said a broken voice.

He crept in; and saw a sorry sight. The traveling dress and bonnet were waiting still on the bed; the bridal wreath and veil lay on the floor; and so did half the necklace, and the rest of the pearls all about the floor; and Julia, with all her hair loose and hanging below her waist, lay feebly moaning in her mother's arms.

Edward stood and looked, and groaned.

Mrs. Dodd whispered to him over Julia: "Not a tear! not a tear!"

"Dead, or false?" moaned the girl: "dead, or false? oh, that I could believe he was false: no, no, he is dead: dead."

THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY SKIRMISHING.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

RESUMPTION OF THE DRAFT—OUTSIDE THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, SIXTH DISTRICT—THE CROWD CHEERS.

RESUMPTION OF THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK.

DURING the five weeks' interval that elapsed between the first attempt at effecting a conscription in the city of New York and the late order stating that the draft was to be carried out at any cost, surmises were rife as to the course likely to be taken by Government in the matter. Many persons thought, or affected to think, that the conscription was indefinitely postponed, owing to an unwillingness on the part of the authorities to wound again the fine feelings of a metropolitan mob by a new exhibition of the unpalatable "black draught," which so decidedly imparted its color to the four dark days of July, 1863. There were not wanting those who averred that the rowdies of New York had once for all established their superiority over law and order. Others took a very different view of the matter. It, in their view, was a question

RESUMPTION OF THE DRAFT—INSIDE THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, SIXTH DISTRICT—THE WHEEL GOES ROUND.

touching the efficiency of the Government, and its ability to protect well-conducted citizens against the atrocious violence of what are now appropriately designated as the "dangerous classes." Every loyal citizen felt that the majesty of the Government was at stake; and the general sentiment among good Union men was that the draft should be effected at once—peaceably, if possible; forcibly, if necessary.

Well, one morning, when nearly five weeks had elapsed since the first attempt at carrying out the conscription in the city, the order arrived for immediately proceeding with the draft as first contemplated. There was a slight gleaming of bayonets visible through the wording of the official documents; and, as if to crown the odious tyranny inflicted upon the "dangerous classes," General Dix comes out with an Address to the People, in which, after hoping and trusting, and being quite confident that the conscription would go on peaceably, he winds up by saying that it would have to go on at any rate!

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the city as it raved upon the four black days of July and as it smiled during the 19th day of August and the subsequent days of the resumed draft. Men who were gorillas when the black days were upon us, appeared, by comparison, to have become converted into very affable gentlemen. If you walked the highways and by-ways of the city on the morning of Wednesday, the 19th of August, it was at no peril of life or limb, as it most certainly would have been on Wednesday, the 15th of July. The gorilla appeared to have gone out of town. The swift and even-handed justice that has lately presided over affairs in the Recorder's Court had certainly some little influence in bringing about this reform. So had the suggestive howitzer.

The house No. 185 Sixth Avenue, a portion of which is occupied officially by the Provost Marshal of the Sixth District, has now a historical interest attaching to it as the premises upon which was settled the great test question of August, 1863, viz.: whether the land was to be ruled by the Government or by the mob of New York.

Inside the railing that intersects the Provost Marshal's room several officers were employed in making preparations for the draft. The "wheel," which is simply a hollow box of wood with an axle through it, mounted on a perpendicular frame, and about three feet in diameter, was hoisted upon a table, and great anxiety was now evinced by the spectators for the commencement of the proceedings. While the officers were charging the wheel with the 7000 scrolls containing the enrolled names, many mirthful exhortations were addressed to them by certain funny men, who appeared to have been specially detailed from some hall of Ethiopian minstrelsy to keep the crowd outside the railing in good humor.

Presently the two officials so eagerly looked for made their appearance and took their station upon the table. One of them a tall, big-boned, blind man, whose well-accredited blindness was secured in its proper place by a rather superfluous red handkerchief bound tightly over his eyes. His duty was to stand on the left of the wheel, and grope out therefrom the successive scrolls as it slowly revolved. He now became a target for the funny men in the crowd.

"I'm watching you," cried one. "I saw you trying to peep from under the handkercher that time; that's not fair!" a sally at which the blind man laughed as heartily as any body else.

"Now then, blind man!" shouted another, "what makes you so slow with that 'ere draft?"

"He doesn't see it!" rejoined a voice from the other end of the room.

The hilarity of the outsiders was now checked by the stern voice of the Provost Marshal. The necessary documents were read. "Hats off in front!" was the word, and, amidst a breathless silence, the creaking wheel made its first revolution, and the name of the conscript was announced.

And thus the draft in New York became an accomplished fact. Not a finger was raised in defiance of the authorities. There was no "revolution" save that of the dull, hollow wheel, which continues to go steadily its rounds while these lines are being written. Mob law has found more than its match in New York.

THE CHURCH-YARD LILY.

SLOWLY out of a summer grave
A pure white lily grew,
Its root was red in the heart of the dead,
Its cup held tears of dew.

Blanched as white as a first day's snow,
It sprang by a mossy stone,
An angel's smile turned into a flower,
And it blossomed there alone.

It was prisoned round with iron rails,
Cankering red with rust;
And it rose like a blessing upon a mound,
That covered poor human dust.

It sprang from a maiden's broken heart—
'Twas the purest thing on earth;
Yet its fibrous roots were deep in a grave,
And Death had given it birth.

It fed on sunshine and on showers,
It drank the warm bright air;
There was never a flower at Eden's gate
Grew yet more pure or fair.

White and pure as a virgin's soul,
Soft as an angel's wing,
It rose to hear the birds above
Of heaven in raptures sing.

The flower was as white as the maiden's shroud,
And graciously it grew;
And its offering of dewy tears
On the grave below it threw.

I could not think but it was a sign
Of happiness and rest,
For it seemed to whisper to us who're left:
"Your Alice is with the blest."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SERVANTGALISM.

THE following letter from "MISS DRAKE" is a rich specimen of the fine-ladyism of the kitchen, and is printed *verbatim et literatim:*

20 *July*, 1863.

"SIR—Miss Drake as ford you the a mount of her Bill and is very sory that she is not able to duth it before but she as been hill evre sent she as been up in New York as not been able to go to her sutuhane that she was go in to but I ham gut much better now I ham very sory that I have give you so much Trubble it was not my intensh to rong you of a pen harfter be so kind to me and I thorght it was no use right letter with out send you the money I have send you a greenback to day if you will be so kind to reseat my bill and send it to me

"from your Humbler survant
"KATE DRAKE.

"Sir will you be kind enoft to reseat my bill the same day as I ham order to go down by the seeside and I ham gone on Therday sen it to me."

ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.—It is reported to us, on the very best authority, that a lady of great wealth invariably finds her servants in tea and sugar. In the present dearth of good servants, we are glad to be able to tell our readers where to look for them.

THE TRUTH SEEN THROUGH A PORT-HOLE.—When a ship goes into port, she usually steadies; but when port gets into a man, he usually reels.

A TRIVIAL ACCIDENT.

A turnstile stood in Fanny's way;
She tried to pass it through:
A lot of boys, hard by at play,
Had Fanny in their view.
Her skirts she sought in vain to press
Those narrow bounds between;
When lo! the hoops escaped her dress
Of steel-ribbed Crinoline!

The little wretches raised a shout,
A loud and joyous noise;
They leapt aloft, and danced about,
And laughed—those horrid boys!
Police, that should have been ashamed,
Stood smiling on the scene,
While those rude boys "Ho ho!" exclaimed
"Out pops the Crinoline!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lushy.—Praising a person while proposing his health is, of course, a buttered toast; but Welsh rabbits are not generally shot, though very often peppered.

Veritas.—Of course, if you will persist in telling the naked truth, how can you expect any thing but a bare existence?

Hubby.—May I throw my wife out of a second-floor window on to the area spikes? Certainly; but it does not look well, and appearances should be consulted.

Teaser says his sister is much annoyed with him because, having tied her to a lamp-post, he shaved her head and eyebrows, and painted her a bright blue. Well, well, T. must try again; he meant well, and little kindnesses of that sort strengthen friendship.

Smellie.—You ask us for the best kind of scent? Being sent to the bank with a check for $100, and receiving orders to keep it yourself.

Mercator.—The chief exports from Athens are perfumery and lies. Among the former are the celebrated "Isles of Greece."

The following pithy story is told of Hallam and Rogers:
"How do you do, Hallam?" said the poet.
"Do what?" said the other.
"Why, how do you find yourself?"
"I never lose myself."
"Well, how have you been?"
"Been where?"
"Pshaw! How do you feel?"
"Feel me and see."
"Good-morning, Hallam!"
"It's not a good morning."
Rogers could say no more.

ALARMING ACCIDENT.—A commercial gentleman, while traveling from New York to Boston, opened the carriage-window, and immediately fell out with another gentleman who was sitting opposite. We are informed that both leave wives and large families to lament them—whenever they are absent on business.

VOLUNTEER INTELLIGENCE.—The Metropolitan Pawnbrokers are about to organize a corps. They are to be armed with Pop-guns.

CONVIVIAL MOTTO FOR THE COMPANY OF SPECTACLE-MAKERS.—"Glasses Round."

"Massa," said Sambo, "one of your oxen is dead; t'oder too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once for fear you couldn't bore it."

YACHTING.—"Is it more expensive to keep one's self on board ship than on land?" asks a would-be Nautical Correspondent. Our answer will put the matter in a nautilus' shell. If you want to be economical, stop on shore; for it is a matter of great difficulty even to keep your legs for a moment at sea.

A QUERY FROM A QUART-ERMASTER.—Why is a publican twice as good as any other man? Because he double X-cells any body.

REAL BOON TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—Itinerant organists going out of town.

A PLEA FOR PRUSSIAN POLICY.—The best apology that can be made for the King of Prussia's conduct touching the Polish question is, that he must be puzzled how to act, because his position in respect to it is peculiarly Posen.

EPIGRAM.

BY A FARMER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Them little games to Tiptree Hall is no use, really, is 'em?
You can't expect as we shall grow our crops by Mechinism.

MOTTO FOR EXCURSIONISTS.—A short train and a merry one.

NO SOONER ASKED THAN TOLD.—What type ought the Act abolishing the Metropolitan Turnpikes to have been published in?—Pica.

Why is a noose like a box with nothing in it?—Because it's hemp-tie.

CLASSICAL.—It is a fact not mentioned in Lemprière, that in ancient times "plowing the ocean" produced Cecrops.

THE LION OF THE *Season*.—PEPPER.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a short negro like a white man?
Because he not a tall black.

Ye sages profound, for enigmas renown'd,
Though I never exist in the light,
In the day I am found, in the dark do abound,
But never am seen in the night?
Letter D.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was?
He answered, "My age is what you do in every thing (XL)."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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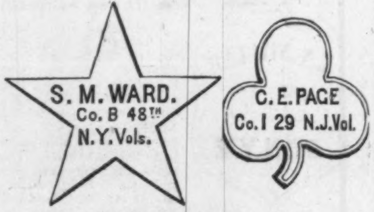

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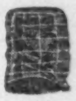

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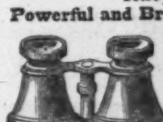

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